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THE SHIP'S COLORS.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

Oh, sailor, young sailor, with tan on your cheek,
What flag is your schooner to fly at her peak?
Oh, Jack in blue jacket, I pray you, declare
What colors your busy brown fingers prepare?

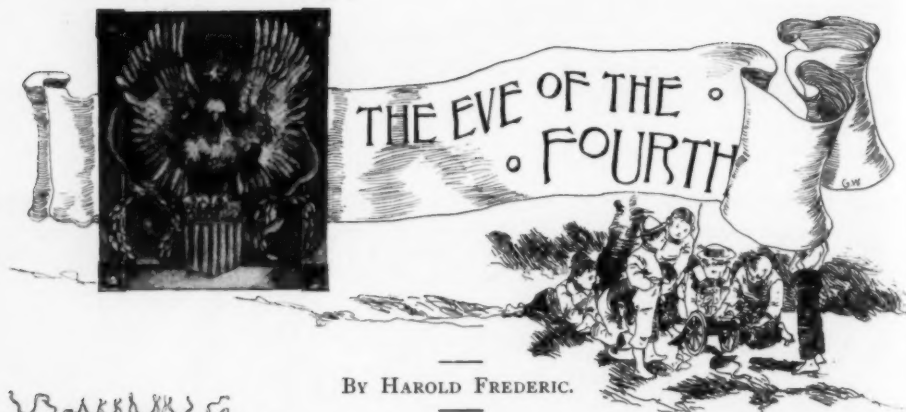
"What flag but the grandest?" my sailor-boy said:
"The star-spangled union, the stripes white and red;
The flower of all ensigns, the pride of the sky:
No flag but 'Old Glory' my beauty shall fly!"

Oh, sailor, my sailor, you 've chosen aright!
Thus prize it forever, that banner of light.
Each stripe has a meaning you yet cannot guess;
Each star is more sacred than words may express.

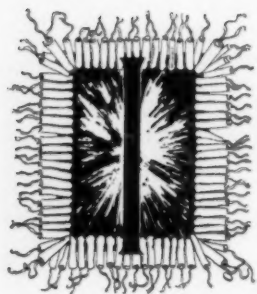
O'er desolate ice-fields,—'mid islands of palm,—
It lives through the storm, and it sleeps through the calm.
It guides, through the war-cloud, on perilous ways;
It decks the glad cities on festival days.

In far-away harbors, where many ships meet,
Where dark foreign faces look strange in the street,
The flag flaps a greeting, and kinsmen who roam
All bless the brave colors that tell them of home.

Wherever it flutters, the bride of the breeze,
A message of freedom it flings o'er the seas,
A hope for the world,—and the heart that beats true
Must leap at the sight of the red, white, and blue!



BY HAROLD FREDERIC.



It was well on toward evening before this Third of July all at once made itself gloriously different from other days in my mind.

There was a very long afternoon, I remember, hot and overcast, with continual threats of rain which never came to anything. The other boys were too excited about the morrow to care for present play. They sat instead along the edge of the broad platform-stoop in front of Delos Ingersoll's grocery-store, their brown feet swinging at varying heights above the sidewalk, and bragged about the manner in which they expected to celebrate the anniversary of their Independence. Most of the elder lads were very independent indeed; they were already sure of their parents' permission to stay up all night, so that the Fourth might be ushered in with its full share of ceremony. The smaller urchins pretended that they also had this permission, or were sure of getting it. Little Denny Cregan attracted admiring attention by vowing that he should remain out, even if his father chased him with a policeman all around the ward, and he had to go and live in a cave in the woods until he was grown up!

My inferiority to these companions of mine depressed me. They were allowed to go with-

out shoes and stockings; they wore loose and comfortable old clothes, and were under no instructions to keep them dry or clean or whole; they had their pockets literally bulging now with all sorts of portentous engines of noise and racket—huge brown "double-enders," bound with waxed cord; long, slim, vicious-looking "nigger-chasers"; big "Union torpedoes," covered with clay, which made a report like a great horse-pistol;—and so on through an extended catalogue of strange and dangerous explosives upon which I looked with awe, as their owners from time to time exhibited them with the proud simplicity of those accustomed to greatness. Several of these boys also possessed toy cannons, which would be brought forth at twilight. They spoke firmly of ramming them to the muzzle with grass, to produce a greater noise—even if it burst the cannons themselves and blew up the town.

By comparison, my lot was a sad one indeed. I was a solitary child, and a victim to propriety. A blue necktie was daily pinned under my broad collar, and there were gilt buttons on my Zouave-jacket. When we were away in the pasture playground near the gulf, and I ventured to take off my foot-gear, every dry old thistle-point in the whole territory seemed to arrange itself to be stepped upon by my white and tender soles. I could not swim: while my lithe, bold comrades dived out of sight under the deep water, and darted about chasing one another far beyond their

depth, I paddled timidly around the "babies'-hole" close to the bank, in the warm and muddy shallows.

Especially plain was my humble state on this July afternoon. I had no "double-enders," nor might I hope for any. The mere thought of owning a cannon seemed monstrous and unnatural to me. By some unknown process of reasoning my good mother had years before reached the theory that a boy ought to have

their tails, were fit only for "fizzes," I saved till after breakfast. With the finishing of these, I fell sadly back upon the public for amusement. I could see the soldiers, hear the band and the oration, and in the evening, when it did n't rain, enjoy the fireworks; but my own contribution to the patriotic noise was always over before the breakfast dishes had been washed.

My mother scorned the little paper torpe-



"THEY SAT ALONG THE EDGE OF THE BROAD PLATFORM-STOOP IN FRONT OF DELOS INGERSOLL'S GROCERY-STORE."

just two packs of small fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. Four or five succeeding anniversaries had hardened this theory into a matter of faith, with all its details rigidly fixed. The fire-crackers were bought for me over night, and placed on the hall table. Beside them lay a long rod of punk. When I hastened down and out in the morning, with these simple things in my hands, the hired girl would give me, in an old kettle, some embers from the wood fire in the summer kitchen. Thus furnished, I went into the front yard, and in solemn solitude fired off these crackers one by one. Those which, by reason of having lost

does as childish and wasteful things. You merely threw one of them, and it went off, she said, and there you were. I don't know that I ever entirely understood this objection, but during my whole childhood it seemed unanswerable. Nor was it easy to budge my good mother from her position on the great two-packs issue. I seem to recall having successfully evaded it once or twice, but two packs was the rule.

When I ventured to call her attention to the fact that our neighbor, Tom Hemingway, thought nothing of exploding a whole pack at a time inside their wash-boiler, she was not

dazzled, but only replied: "Wilful waste makes woeful want."

Of course the idea of the Hemingways ever knowing what want meant was absurd. They lived a dozen doors or so from us, in a big white house with stately white columns rising from veranda to gable across the whole front, and a large garden, flowers and shrubs in front, fruit-trees and vegetables behind. Squire Hemingway was the most important man in our part of the town. I know now that he was never anything more than a United States Commissioner of Deeds,* but in those days, when he walked down the street with his gold-headed cane, his blanket-shawl folded over his arm, and his severe, dignified, close-shaven face held well up in the air, I seemed to behold a companion of Presidents.

This great man had two sons. The elder of them, De Witt Hemingway, was a man grown, and was at the front, with the army of the Potomac. I had seen him march away, over a year before, with a bright drawn sword, at the head of his company. The other son, Tom, was my senior by only a twelvemonth. He was by nature proud, but often consented to consort with me when the choice of better company was at low ebb.

It was to this Tom that I listened with most envious eagerness, in front of the grocery-store on the afternoon of which I speak. He did not sit on the stoop with the others,—no one expected quite that degree of familiarity,—but leaned carelessly against a post, whittling out a new ramrod for his cannon. He said that this year he was not going to have any ordinary fire-crackers at all; they, he added with a meaning glance at me, were only fit for girls. He might do a little in "double-enders," but his real point would be in "ringers"—an incredible giant variety of cracker, Turkey-red like the other, but in size almost a rolling-pin. Some of these he would fire off singly—between the volleys from his cannon. But a good many he intended to explode, in bunches say of six, inside the tin wash-boiler, brought out into the middle of the road for that purpose. Maybe, it would blow the old thing sky-high, but no matter. It was an old one.

* A minor official who witnesses the signing of certain legal papers.

Even as he spoke, the big bell in the belfry of the town hall burst forth in a loud clangor of swift-repeated strokes. It was half a mile away, but the moist air brought the loud pealing sounds to our ears as if the tower had stood close above us. We sprang off the stoop and stood poised, waiting to hear the number of the ward struck, and ready to scamper off on the instant if the fire was anywhere in our part of the town. But the excited peal went on and on, without a pause. It became clear that this meant something besides a fire. Some of us wondered vaguely what that something might be, but we soon forgot it and resumed our talking. Billy Norris, who was the son of poor parents, but could whip even Tom Hemingway, said he had been told that the German boys on the other side of the gulf were coming over to "rush" us on the following day, and that we ought all to collect nails to fire at them from our cannon. This we pledged ourselves to do—the bell ceaselessly keeping up its throbbing tumult.

Suddenly we saw the familiar figure of Johnson running up the street toward us. What his first name was I never knew. To every one, little and big, he was just "Johnson." He and his family had moved into our town after the War began; I fancy they moved away again before it ended. I do not even know what he did for a living. But he seemed always idle, always noisily good-natured, and always shouting out the news at the top of his lungs. I cannot pretend to guess how he found out everything as he did, or why, having found it out, he straightway rushed homeward, scattering the intelligence as he ran. Most probably, Johnson was molded by Nature for a town-crier, but by accident was born some generations after the race of bellmen had disappeared. Our neighborhood did not like him; our mothers did not know Mrs. Johnson, and we boys behaved rather snobbishly, I fear, to his children. He seemed not to mind this at all, but came up unwearyingly to shout out the tidings of the day for our benefit.

"Vicksburg's fell! Vicksburg's fell!" was what we heard him yelling, as he approached.

Delos Ingersoll and his hired boy ran out of

the grocery. Doors opened along the street, and heads were thrust out inquiringly.

"Vicksburg's fell!" he kept hoarsely proclaiming, his arms waving in air, as he staggered along at a dog-trot past us, and went into the hotel next to the grocery.

I cannot say how definite an idea these tidings conveyed to our boyish minds. I have a notion that at the time I assumed that Vicksburg had something to do with Gettysburg, where I knew from the talk of my elders that a terrible battle had been going on since the middle of the week. Doubtless this confusion



"JOHNSON."

was aided by the fact that an hour or so later, on that same wonderful day, the wire brought us word that this awful conflict on Pennsylvanian soil had at last taken the form of a Union victory. It is difficult now to see how we could have known both these things on the Third of July—that is to say, before the people actually concerned seem to have been sure of them. Perhaps it was only inspired guesswork, but I know that my town went wild over the news, and that the clouds overhead cleared away as if by magic.

The sun did well to spread that summer sky at eventide with all the pageantry of color the

rainbow knows. It would have been preposterous that such a day should slink off in dull, Quaker grays. Men were shouting in the streets now. An old cannon left over from the Mexican war had been dragged out on to the rickety, covered river-bridge, and was frightening the fishes and shaking the dry, worm-eaten rafters as fast as swab and rammer could work. Our town bandsmen were playing as they had never played before, down in the square in front of the post-office. Nature could not hurl into sunset enough wild fireworks to fit our exultant mood.

The very air was filled with the scent of triumph—the spirit of victory. It seemed only natural that I should march off to my mother, and quite boldly tell her that I desired to stay out all night with the other boys. I had never dreamed of daring to make such a request in other years. Now I was scarcely conscious of surprise when she gave her consent, adding with a smile that I would be glad enough to come in and go to bed before half the night was over.

I steeled my heart after supper with the proud resolve that if the night turned out to be as long as one of those Lapland winter nights we read about in the geography, I still would not surrender.

The boys outside were not so excited over the tidings of my unlooked-for victory as I had expected them to be. They received the news, in fact, with a rather mortifying coolness. Tom Hemingway, however, took enough interest in the affair to suggest that, instead of spending my twenty cents in paltry fire-crackers, I might go down-town and buy another can of powder for his cannon. By doing so, he pointed out, I would be a part-owner, as it were, of the night's performance, and would be entitled to touch off the cannon occasionally. This generosity affected me, and I hastened down the long hill-street to show myself worthy of it, repeating the instruction of "Kentucky Bear-Hunter, coarse grain" over and over again to myself as I went.

Half-way on my journey I overtook a person whom, even in the gathering twilight, I recognized as Miss Stratford, the school-teacher. She also was walking down the hill, and rapidly. It did not need the sight of a letter in her hand to tell me that she was going to the post-office. In those cruel war-days everybody went to the

post-office. I myself went regularly to get our mail, and to exchange the paper currency nicknamed "shin-plasters" for one-cent stamps, with which to buy yeast and other commodities that called for small change.

Although I was very fond of Miss Stratford,—I still recall with tender liking her gentle eyes, and pretty, rounded, dark face, in its frame of long, black curls,—I now coldly resolved to hurry past, pretending not to know her. It was a mean thing to do. Miss Stratford had always been good to me, shining in that respect in brilliant contrast to my other teachers. Still, the "Kentucky Bear-Hunter, coarse grain" was too important a matter to wait upon mere feminine friendships, and I quickened my pace into a trot, to scurry by unrecognized.

"Oh, Andrew! Is that you?" I heard her call out as I ran past. For the instant I thought of rushing on as if I had not heard. Then I stopped, and walked beside her.

"I am going to stay up all night. Mother says I may; and I am going to fire off Tom Hemingway's big cannon every fourth time, right straight through until breakfast-time," I announced to her, loftily.

"Dear me! I ought to be proud to be seen walking with so important a citizen," she answered, with kindly playfulness. She added more gravely, after a moment's pause: "Then Tom is out, playing, too,—he is with the other boys, is he?"

"Why, of course!" I responded. "He always lets us stand round when he fires off his cannon. He's got some 'ringers' this year, too."

I heard Miss Stratford murmur an impulsive "Thank Heaven!" under her breath.

Full as the day had been of surprises, I could not help wondering that the fact of Tom's ringers should stir up such strong feelings in the teacher's mind. But since the subject so interested her, I went on with a long catalogue of Tom's other firework treasures, and from that to an account of his almost incredible collection of postage-stamps. In a few minutes more, I am sure, I should have revealed to her the great secret of my life, which was my resolve, in case I came to be an emperor and conqueror like Napoleon, to make Tom at once a Marshal of the Empire.

But we had now reached the post-office square, in the business center of the town. I had never before seen it so full of people.

Even to my boyish eyes the tragic line of division which cleft this crowd in twain was apparent. On one side, over by the Seminary, the youngsters had lighted a bonfire, and were running about it—some of the bolder ones jumping through it in frolicsome recklessness. Close by stood the band, now valiantly thumping out "John Brown's Body" upon the noisy night air. It was quite dark by this time, but the musicians knew the tune by heart. So did the throng about them, and sang it with lusty fervor. The doors of the hotel toward the corner of the square were flung wide open. Two black streams of men kept in motion under the radiance of the big reflector-lamp over these doors—one going in, one coming out. They slapped one another on the back as they passed, with exultant screams and shouts. Every once in a while, when movement was for the instant blocked, some voice lifted above the others would begin "Hip-hip, hip-hip—" and then would come a roar that fairly drowned the music.

On the post-office side of the square there was no bonfire. No one raised a cheer. A densely packed mass of men and women stood in front of the big square stone building, with its closed doors and curtained windows, upon which, from time to time, the shadow of some passing clerk, bare-headed and hurried, would be for a moment thrown. They waited in silence for the night mail to be sorted. If they spoke to one another, it was in whispers—as if they had been standing with uncovered heads at a funeral service in a graveyard. The dim light reflected over from the bonfire, or down from the shaded windows of the post-office, showed solemn, hard-lined, anxious faces. Their lips scarcely moved when they muttered little low-toned remarks to their neighbors. They spoke from the side of the mouth, and only on one subject:

"He went all through Fredericksburg without a scratch—"

"He looks so much like me—General Palmer told my brother he'd have known him in a circus—"



"A DENSELY PACKED MASS OF MEN AND WOMEN STOOD IN FRONT OF THE BIG SQUARE STONE BUILDING."

"He's been gone—let's see,—it was a year some time last April—"

"He was counting on a furlough the first of this month. I suppose nobody got one as things turned out—"

"He said, 'No; it ain't my style. I'll fight as much as you like, but I won't be nigger-waiter for no man, captain or no captain—'"

Thus I heard the scattered murmurs among the grown-up heads above me, as we pushed into the outskirts of the throng, and stood there, waiting with the rest. There was no sentence without a "he" in it. A stranger might have fancied that they were all talking of one man. I knew better. They were the fathers and mothers, the sisters, brothers, wives of the men whose regiments had been in that horrible three days' fight at Gettysburg. Each was thinking and speaking of his own, and took it for granted the others would understand. For that matter, they all did understand. The town knew the name and family of every one of the twelve-score sons it had in this battle.

It is not very clear to me now why people all went to the post-office to wait for the evening papers that came in from the nearest big city. Nowadays they would be brought in bulk and sold on the street before the mail-bags had reached the post-office. Apparently, that had not been thought of in our slow old town.

The band across the square had started up afresh with "Annie Lisle,"—the sweet old refrain of "Wave, willows; murmur, waters" comes back to me now after a quarter-century of forgetfulness,—when all at once there was a sharp forward movement of the crowd. The doors had been thrown open, and the hallway was on the instant filled with a swarming multitude. The band had stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and no more cheering was heard. We could see whole troops of dark forms scudding toward us from the other side of the square.

"Run in for me—that's a good boy! Ask for Dr. Stratford's mail," the teacher whispered, bending over me.

It seemed an age before I finally got back to her, with the paper in its postmarked wrapper buttoned up inside my jacket. I had never been in so fierce and determined a crowd be-

fore, and I emerged from it at last, confused in wits and panting for breath. I was still looking about through the gloom in a foolish way for Miss Stratford, when I felt her hand laid sharply on my shoulder.

"Well—where is it? Did nothing come?" she asked, her voice trembling with eagerness, and the eyes which I had thought so soft and dove-like flashing down upon me as if she were the "cross teacher," Miss Pritchard, and I had been caught chewing gum in school.

I drew the paper from under my roundabout coat, and gave it to her. She grasped the paper, and thrust a finger under the cover to tear it off. Then she hesitated for a moment, and looked about her. "Come where there is some light," she said, and started up the street. Although she seemed to have spoken more to herself than to me, I followed her in silence, close at her side.

For a long way the sidewalk in front of every lighted store-window was thronged with a group of people clustered tight about some one who had a paper, and was reading from it aloud. Besides broken snatches of this reading we caught now groans of sorrow and horror, now exclamations of proud approval, and even the beginnings of cheers, broken in upon by a general "Hush!" as we hurried past outside the curb.

It was under a lamp in the little park nearly half-way up the hill that Miss Stratford stopped, and spread open the paper. I see her still, white-faced under the flickering gas-light, her black curls making a strange dark bar between the pale straw hat and the white of her shoulder-shawl and muslin dress, her hands trembling as they held up the extended sheet. She scanned the columns swiftly, skimmingly for a time, as I could see by the way she moved her round chin up and down. Then she came to a part which called for closer reading. The paper shook perceptibly now, as she bent her eyes upon it. Then all at once it fell from her hands, and without a sound she walked away.

I picked up the paper, and followed her along the graveled path. It was like pursuing a ghost, so weirdly white did her summer attire now look to my frightened eyes, with such a

swift and deathlike silence did she move. The path upon which we were, described a circle touching the four sides of the square. She did not quit it when the intersection with our street was reached, but followed straight round again toward the point where we had entered the park. This too in turn she passed, gliding noiselessly forward under the black arches of the overhanging elms. The suggestion that she did not know she was going round and round in a ring startled my brain. I would have run up to her now if I had dared.

Suddenly she turned, and saw that I was behind her. She sank slowly into one of the garden-seats by the path, and held up for a moment a hesitating hand toward me. I went up at this, and looked into her face. Shadowed as it was, the change I saw there chilled my blood. It was like the face of some one I had never seen before, with fixed, wide-open, staring eyes which seemed to look beyond me, through the darkness, upon some terrible sight no other could see.

"Go—run and tell—Tom—to go home! His brother—his brother *has been killed*," she said to me, choking over the words as if they hurt her throat, and still with the same strange dry-eyed, far-away gaze, covering yet not seeing me.

I held out the paper for her to take, but she made no sign, and I gingerly laid it on the seat beside her. I hung about for a minute or two longer, imagining that she might have something else to say—but no word came. Then, with a feebly inappropriate "Well, good-by," I started off alone up the hill.

It was a distinct relief to find that my companions were gathered at the lower end of the common, instead of at their accustomed haunt further up, near my home; for the walk had been a lonely one, and I was deeply depressed by what had happened. Tom, it seems, had been called away about quarter of an hour before. All the boys knew of the calamity which had befallen the Hemingways. We talked about it from time to time, as we loaded and fired the cannon which Tom had indifferently turned over to my friends. It had been out of deference to the feelings of the stricken household that they had betaken themselves

and their racket off to the remote corner of the common. The solemnity of the occasion silenced criticism upon my conduct in forgetting to buy the powder. There would be enough as long as it lasted, Billy Norris said, with wise decision.

We talked awhile upon the likelihood of De Witt Hemingway receiving a military funeral. These mournful processions had by this time become such familiar things to us that the prospect of one more had no element of excitement in it, save as it brought a gloomy sort of distinction to Tom. He would ride in the first mourning-carriage with his parents, and this would associate us, as we walked along ahead of the band, with the most important members of the procession. We regretted now that the soldier-company which we had so long meant to form remained still but a plan. Had it been otherwise we would probably have been awarded the head of the column in the marching. Some one suggested that it was not yet too late—and we promptly bound ourselves to meet after breakfast next day to organize and begin drilling. If we worked at this night and day, and our parents at once provided us with uniforms and guns, we should be in time. It was also arranged that we should be called the "De Witt C. Hemingway Fire Zouaves," and that Billy Norris should be side-captain. The chief command would, of course, be reserved for Tom. We would specially salute him as he rode past in the closed carriage, and then fall in behind, forming his honorary escort.

None of us had known the dead officer well, owing to his greater age. He was seven or eight years older than even Tom. But the more elderly among our group had seen him play base-ball in the Academy nine, and our neighborhood was still alive with legends of his early audacity and skill in collecting barrels and dry-goods boxes at night for election bonfires. It was remembered that once he carried away a whole front-stoop from the house of a little German tailor on one of the back streets. As we stood around the heated cannon, in the great black solitude of the common, our fancies pictured this redoubtable young man once more among us—not in his blue uniform,

with crimson sash and sword laid by his side, and the gauntlets drawn over his lifeless hands, but as a taller and glorified Tom, in a roundabout jacket and copper-toed boots, giving the law on this his playground. The very cannon at our feet had once been his. The night air became peopled with ghosts of his own friends—handsome boys who had grown up before us, and had gone away, many of them to lay down their lives in far-off Virginia or Tennessee.

These heroic shades brought drowsiness in their train. We fell into long silences, varied by yawns, when it was not our turn to ram and touch off the cannon. Finally some of us stretched ourselves out on the grass, in the warm darkness, to wait comfortably for this turn to come.

What did come instead was daybreak—finding Billy Norris and myself alone constant to our all-night vow. We sat up and shivered as we rubbed our eyes. The morning air had a chilling freshness that went to my bones—and these, moreover, were filled with those queer aches and stiffnesses which beds were invented to prevent. We stood up, stretching out our arms, and gazing at the pearl and rose beginnings of the sunrise in the eastern sky. The other boys had all gone home, and taken the cannon with them. Only scraps of torn paper and tiny patches of burnt grass marked the site of our celebration.

My first weak impulse was to march home without delay, and get into bed as quickly as might be. But Billy Norris looked so finely resolute and masterful that I hesitated to suggest this, and said nothing, leaving the first word to him. One could see, by the merest casual glance, that he was quite above thinking any hour too early for him. I remembered now that he was one of that remarkable body of boys, the paper-carriers, who rose while all others were asleep in their warm beds, and trudged about long before breakfast, distributing the *Clarion* among the well-to-do households. This occupation had given him his position in our neighborhood as quite the next in leadership to Tom Hemingway.

He presently explained his plans to me, after having tried the center of light on the horizon where soon the sun would be, by an old brass

compass he had in his pocket—a process by which, he said, he could tell pretty well what time it was. The paper would n't be out for nearly three hours yet,—and if it were not for the fact of a great battle there would have been no paper at all on this glorious holiday,—but he thought we would go down-town and see what was going on round about the newspaper-office. Forthwith we started. He cheered my faint spirits by assuring me that I would soon cease to be sleepy, and would, in fact, feel better than usual. I dragged my feet along at his side, waiting for this freshness to come, and meantime secretly yawning against my sleeve.

Billy seemed to have dreamed a good deal, during our nap on the common, about the De Witt C. Hemingway Fire Zouaves. At least he had now in his head a carefully arranged system of organization, which he explained as we went along. I felt that I had never before known his greatness, his born genius for command. His scheme halted nowhere. He gave out offices with readiness and decision; he treated the question of uniforms and guns as a little detail that would settle itself; he spoke with calm confidence of our offering our services to the Republic in the autumn; his clear brain found even the materials for a fife-and-drum corps among the German boys in the back streets. It was true that I myself seemed to play but a small part in these great projects: the most that was said about me was that I might make a fair third corporal. But Fate had thrown in my way such a wonderful chance of becoming intimate with Billy, that I made sure I should swiftly advance in rank—the more so as I could see in the background of his thoughts, as it were, a grim purpose to make short work of Tom Hemingway's lofty claims, once the funeral was over.

We were forced to make a circuit of the park, on our way down, because Billy observed some half-dozen rough boys at play with a cannon, whom we knew to be hostile. If there had been only four, he said, he would have gone in and thrashed them. He could whip any two of them, he added, with one hand tied behind his back. I listened with admiration. Billy was not tall, but he possessed great thickness of chest and length of arm. His skin was

so dark that we boys spoke from time to time of his having Indian blood. He did not discourage this idea, and he admitted himself that he was double-jointed.

The streets of the business part of the town, into which we now made our way, were quite deserted. We went around into the yard behind the printing-office, where the carrier-boys were wont to wait for the press to get to work; and Billy displayed some impatience at discovering that here too there was no one. It was now broad daylight, but through the windows of the composing-room we could see a few of the printers still setting type by kerosene lamps.

We seated ourselves, at the end of the yard, on a big, flat, smooth-faced stone, and Billy produced from his pocket a number of what he called "em quads," with which the carriers had learned from the printer's boys to play a game called "jeffing." You shook the pieces of metal in your hands, and threw them on the stone; your score depended upon the number of nicked sides that were turned uppermost. We played this game "only for fun" for a little while. Then Billy told me that the carriers played it for pennies—and that it was unmanly for us to do otherwise. He had no pennies at that precise moment, but would pay at the end of the week what he might lose; in the mean time there was my twenty cents to go on with. After this Billy threw so many nicks uppermost that my courage gave way, and I made an attempt to stop the game; but a single remark from him as to the military rank which he was saving for me if I only displayed true soldierly nerve and grit, was enough to quiet me once more, and the play went on.

Soon I had only five cents left.

Suddenly a shadow came between the sunlight and the stone. I looked up, to behold a small boy, with bare arms and a blackened apron, standing over me, watching our game. There was a great deal of ink on his face and hands, and a cold, not to say sly, expression in his eye.

"Why don't you jeff with somebody of your own size?" he demanded of Billy, after having looked me over critically.

He was not nearly so big as Billy, and I expected to see the latter instantly rise and crush him, but Billy only laughed and said we were



"THE BOY REAPPEARED, WITH A LONG STRIP OF PAPER IN HIS HAND."

playing for fun; he was going to give me all my money back. I was glad to hear this, but still felt surprised at the wish to be friendly shown by Billy toward this diminutive inky boy. It was not the air befitting a side-captain—and what made it worse was that the strange boy loftily declined to be moved by it. He sniffed when Billy told him about the military company we were forming; he coldly shook his head, with a curt "nixie!" when invited to join it; and he laughed aloud at hearing the name our company was to bear.

"He ain't dead at all—that De Witt Hemingway," he said, with jeering contempt.

"Hain't he, though!" exclaimed Billy, scornfully. "The news came last night. Tom Hemingway had to go home—his mother sent for him—on account of it!"

"I'll bet you a quarter he ain't dead," responded the practical inky boy. "Money up, though!"

"I've only got fifteen cents. I'll bet you that, though," rejoined Billy, producing my torn and grimy shin-plasters.

"All right! Wait here!" said the boy, running off to the building and disappearing through the door. There was barely time for me to learn from my companion that this printer's-apprentice was called "the devil," and could both whistle between his teeth and crack his fingers, when he reappeared, with a long narrow strip of paper in his hand. This he held out for us to see, indicating with an inked forefinger the special paragraph we were to read. Billy looked at it sharply, for several moments, in silence. Then he said to me: "What does it say there? I must have got some powder in my eyes last night."

I read the paragraph aloud, not without an unworthy feeling that the inky boy would now respect me deeply because I could read:

CORRECTION.—Lieutenant De Witt C. Hemingway, of Company A,—th New York, reported in earlier despatches among the killed, is uninjured. The officer missing is Lieutenant Carl Heinninge, Company F, of the same regiment.

Billy's face visibly lengthened as I read this out, and he felt us both looking at him. He made a pretense of examining the slip of paper again, but in a half-hearted way. Then he ruefully handed over the fifteen cents, and, rising from the stone, shook himself.

"Them Dutchmen never was no good!" was what he said.

The inky boy had put the money in the pocket under his apron, and grinned now with as much enjoyment as dignity would permit him to show. He did not seem to mind any longer the original source of his winnings, and it was apparent that I could not with decency recall it to him. Some odd impulse prompted me, however, to ask him if I might have the paper he had in his hand. He was magnani-

mous enough to present me with the proof-sheet on the spot. Then, with another grin, he turned and left us.

Billy stood sullenly kicking with his bare toes into a sand-heap by the stone. He would not answer me when I spoke to him. It flashed across my mind that he was not such a great man, after all, as I had imagined. In another instant or two it had become quite clear to me that I had no admiration for him whatever. Without a word, I turned on my heel and walked determinedly out of the yard and into the street, homeward bent.

All at once I quickened my pace; something had occurred to me. The purpose thus formed grew so swiftly that soon I found myself running. Up the hill I sped, and straight through the park. If the rowdy boys shouted after me I knew it not, but dashed on heedless of all else save the one idea. I only halted, breathless and panting, when I stood on Dr. Stratford's doorstep, and heard the night-bell inside jangling shrilly in response to my excited pull.

As I waited, I pictured to myself the old doctor as he would presently come down, half dressed and pulling on his coat as he advanced. He would ask eagerly, "Who is sick? Where am I to go?" and I would calmly reply that he need not alarm himself, but that I had a message for his daughter. He would, of course, ask me what it was, and I, politely but firmly, would decline to explain to any one but the lady in person. Just what might happen next was not clear—but I beheld myself throughout master of the situation, at once kindly, courteous, and firm.

The door opened with unexpected promptness, while my vision still hung in mid-air. Instead of the bald and spectacled old doctor, there confronted me a white-faced, solemn-eyed lady in a black dress, whom I did not seem to know. I stared at her, tongue-tied, till she said, in a low, grave voice:

"Well, Andrew, what is it?"

Then of course I saw that it was Miss Stratford, my teacher—the person whom I had come to see. Some vague sense of what the sleepless night had meant in this house came to me as I gazed confusedly at her mourning-dress, and

heard no more than the echo of her sad tones in my ears.

"Is some one ill?" she asked again.

"No; some one—some one is very well!" I managed to reply, lifting my eyes again to her wan face. The sight of its drawn lines and pallor overcame my wearied and overtaxed nerves with sympathy for her. I felt myself almost ready to whimper. Something inside my breast seemed to be dragging me down through the stoop.

I have now only the recollection of Miss Stratford's kneeling by my side, and thus unrolling and reading the proof-paper I had in my hand. We were in the hall now, instead of on the stoop, and there was a long silence. Then she put her head on my shoulder and

wept. I could hear and feel her sobs as if they were my own.

"I—I did n't think you 'd cry—that you 'd be so sorry," I heard myself saying, at last, in disappointed self-defense.

Miss Stratford lifted her head and, still kneeling as she was, put a finger under my chin to make me look her in the face. Lo! the eyes were laughing through their tears: the whole countenance was radiant once more with the light of happy youth, and with that other glory which youth knows only once.

"Why, Andrew boy," she said, trembling, smiling, sobbing, beaming all together, "did n't you know that people cry for very joy sometimes?"

And as I shook my head she bent down and kissed me.



THE Beetroot met the Celery—

"Good morning!" said the sweet root;

Crisply the Celery replied,

"How are you, Mr. Beetroot?"

"I 'm weary, sir," said Mr. B.,

"Of living near to posies;

I 'm *always* hearing people praise

The lilies and the roses.

"That lily 's white and rose is red,

I know by observation,

But why don't folks give *us* our turn

Of ardent admiration?"

"Surely because," snapped Celery,

"They scarce see past their noses;

I 'm whiter than the lilies, sir—

You 're redder than the roses!"

WATERSPOUTS AT SEA.

By J. O. DAVIDSON.



HO has not noticed, during a sultry summer afternoon, the little whirlwind in the middle of the dusty road, caused by two breezes com-

ing down streets that come together? First there will be seen a column of light dust revolving upward; next, moving here and there, it picks up stray bits of paper and leaves; then, as its whirling grows stronger and covers more ground, it adds to its strange collection of objects small sticks and tufts of grass; at last away it goes, whirling and dancing its elfin waltz until some immovable object interferes with its freedom of movement, when, like a spoiled child, it ceases its wild play, the whirling stops, and — pouf! — down come the sticks and leaves and paper, and the whirlwind is gone. In the Western States the same kind of whirlwinds grow to such proportions that through the thickest woods great tracks are mown as if cut by a giant scythe. But these big storms very appropriately receive the more dignified name of tornadoes.

On the ocean, these whirlwinds or tornadoes have, of course, no dust or trees to toss about in their giant hands, so they seize upon and suck up the water as the only plaything they can find, and, twisting it into a long glittering rope of trembling liquid, lift it up to the clouds, whence it is soon dispersed again in the form of rain. When performing such antics as these, the whirlwind or tornado is known as a waterspout.

The ship's crew which has so patiently steered its craft by treacherous rocks, over dangerous shoals, and through all kinds of storm and stress at sea, is often confronted by a new and

unexpected danger—the waterspout. It most often makes its appearance beneath a black and lowering sky; but sometimes they start up mysteriously in clear weather to move along the ocean's rim in queer fantastic attitudes, looking for all the world like captive balloons dancing up and down, and tugging at their ropes—now near the sea, now near the sky.

In the Straits of Malacca, and among the many islands in the China Sea, they are greatly dreaded by the peaceful fishermen, who must often pull up anchor and race for the shore to avoid the unwelcome approach of these giddy visitors, who fly hither and yon at their own sweet will, minus rudder or pilot. I have seen a waterspout make for a large fleet of rice-junks, and the scattering of the queer-looking craft under their brown sails and dashing sweeps looked comically like the flight of a flock of startled quail.

Sometimes a spout can be broken by the firing of a cannon close by; and then the singular spectacle will often be presented of the upper half of it going up into the clouds, while the lower part subsides into the sea. As most Chinese junks carry a number of guns and gongs, the waterspout often gets the worst of it in the uproar that is certain to salute one.

The great four-masted American sailing ship "Shenandoah," while coming home from Liverpool last March, had a lively experience with waterspouts. When within five hundred miles of Sandy Hook, the wind suddenly changed, a great bank of clouds just ahead parted, and there, coming down, driven before the gale, appeared six great waterspouts at one time.

One rushed by, just clearing the bowsprit and head-sails by a few yards. Another came at her amidships, threatening to carry the mainmast away, and the captain just avoided by quickly turning the ship toward and around it. There were two more near ones, and as they

were too close to run away from, the big ship was "luffed" up and steered right between them. The ship was saved, but what her fate would have been had she been struck by one can only be imagined from the captain's description of the waterspout that passed astern. He says it seemed to be fully twenty feet in diameter, and of solid water reaching to the clouds.

During the same month the steamer "Piqua" had a still more uncomfortable experience with these wandering giants of the

away, two of them made a rush, headed him off, and struck the starboard side of the steamer's iron bow a tremendous blow. Then there was a commotion indeed. The broken columns of water dropped in tons on the forward deck, smashing the pilot-house and bridge-ladder, tearing down thirteen ventilators, and dashing to the deck two sailors badly wounded. The ship staggered and rolled as the weight of water poured over her sides in a Niagara of foam and spray, and for some time she could make no headway.



"THE BROKEN COLUMNS OF WATER DROPPED IN TONS ON THE FORWARD DECK."

ocean, near the Bermuda Islands. There she met a cyclone upon whose outer edge there hung a great number of spouts—all dancing and pirouetting here and there, twisting and turning and balancing to partners as if engaged in an elephantine quadrille.

The captain became bewildered, for whichever way he turned his steamer, he was headed off by the surrounding waterspouts. At last, just as he imagined he had steamed safely

While the two spouts were having their frolic with the sorely beset steamer, the others were whirling about as if dancing in glee at the commotion they had caused. From the black clouds above there shot down blinding streaks of lightning, which, although they missed the ship, so filled the air about her with electricity that it settled upon the metal tips of all the spars, glowing and sparkling there steadily with the beautiful light known as "St. Elmo's fire."

CHICAGO.

By JOHN F. BALLANTYNE.



VIEW ON STATE STREET, LOOKING NORTHWARD, FROM MADISON STREET.

In enterprise and growth, Chicago is the most wonderful city on earth. No other can compare with it. There is no tale in the "Arabian Nights" half so marvelous as the story of its change from a frontier fort into the second city on the continent. And all this has been accomplished within the memory of men who are alive to-day.

Let me tell briefly what has taken place on this spot where Chicago now stands. In 1673 Father Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, discovered the upper Mississippi, having reached it from Lake Michigan by way of the Fox and

Wisconsin rivers. He followed its course southward as far as he dared go, then turned to retrace his steps. He was told by the Indians that there was an easier route to the lake than that by which he had come, and, heeding their advice, he paddled up the Illinois River to the Desplaines, and up the Desplaines to a point where it flowed close to a stream which the aborigines called Checagow, or Eschecagow. Here he made a portage, and, following up the Checagow, reached Lake Michigan again.

He was the first white man to set foot on Chicago soil.

Several years afterward La Salle went to the Illinois River by way of the Chicago portage, and later it became the regular route from Canada to the country of the Illinois Indians.



FORT DEARBORN.

No settlement was made there, however; it was merely a resting-place.

In 1804 the United States government, for strategic purposes, built and garrisoned a fort on the south bank of the Chicago River. John Kinzie accompanied the troops, or followed them, and established a trading station. He was the first white settler. In 1812 the troops, as they were preparing to leave the region, were set upon by the Indians and massacred. Some of the settlers perished with them, but Mr. Kinzie and his family escaped. In 1816 the fort was rebuilt, and a new garrison put in charge, and Mr. Kinzie returned and resumed his operations in furs. Nothing of moment occurred in the next fourteen years, except the occasional arrival of settlers, most of whom passed on and found homes farther west or south.

In 1831 the commissioners of the Illinois and Michigan canal surveyed and laid out the town, naming it Chicago. Prior to that time the cluster of huts had been called Fort Dearborn settlement. It is not likely that the commissioners were aware of their own wisdom in selecting this site, or they might have been more generous in allowing it room for growth. As it was, they gave it only three eighths of a square mile.

In 1833 the town was formally incorporated, and a board of officers elected. The population was then about 350. In 1835 it had increased so greatly that it was found necessary to take in enough new territory to swell the area to two and one half square miles.

In 1837 Chicago became a city. It had

grown beyond all expectations, and its people were becoming ambitious for something more than township organization. A charter was secured from the State legislature, and the corporate limits were adjusted to inclose an area of ten and one half square miles.

Peck's "Gazetteer" of Illinois, published in the latter part of 1837, made the following reference to Chicago:

"Its growth, even for Western cities, has been of unparalleled rapidity. In 1832 it contained five small stores and two hundred and fifty inhabitants. . . . There are now about sixty stores, thirty groceries, ten public-houses, twenty-three physicians, forty-one lawyers, five ministers, and about five thousand inhabitants. The natural position of the place, the enterprise and capital that must concentrate here, with favorable prospects for health, must soon make it the emporium of trade and business for all the northern country."

Mr. Peck seems to have had a glimmering conception of Chicago's future greatness, but neither he nor anybody else dreamed of such a future as has been realized. In 1838 a public meeting was held to listen to a joint debate on the political issues of the day, between Stephen A. Douglas and his competitor for the honor of a seat in Congress. It was a great occasion



HOUSE OF JOHN KINZIE, THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER.

for the Chicago of that day, and the meeting was a large one. Judge Henry Brown presided. In introducing the speakers he referred to the city's progress. Then, warming to his subject, and giving the rein to his imagination, he uttered these historic words:

The illustrations on this page are redrawn, by permission, from "The History of Cook County," by A. T. Andrews.

"The child is already born who will live to see Chicago with a population of 200,000!"

The people who crowded the hall were as loyal to Chicago, and as hopeful of its future, as could be expected in that early day, but—200,000! He might as well have said 200,000,000. It was absurd! Shouts of derisive laughter drowned the judge's voice.

Nevertheless, a child born that day was only twenty-eight years old when the 200,000 mark was passed. There were men at that

To-day, careful estimates place the population at 1,400,000, and the probability is that it is above rather than below that figure. The area within the city limits is 181 square miles. There is over \$200,000,000 invested in manufacturing industries, producing annually upward of \$550,000,000 worth of goods, and paying employees more than \$100,000,000. The wholesale business of the city aggregates more than \$500,000,000, and its commerce more than \$1,500,000,000. Its meat products alone are



A STREET BRIDGE ACROSS THE CHICAGO RIVER, SWUNG OPEN FOR THE PASSAGE OF BOATS.

meeting who lived to see a population exceeding 1,000,000. Here is a table

showing the population, at different stages of the city's growth, from that time to this:

1837	4,170	1862	138,186
1843	7,580	1864	169,353
1845	12,088	1866	200,418
1847	16,859	1868	252,054
1849	23,047	1870	306,605
1850	29,963	1872	367,396
1853	59,130	1874	395,408
1855	80,000	1876	420,000
1856	84,113	1880	503,185
1860	109,206	1890	1,098,576

valued at \$130,000,000. The bank clearings are nearly \$5,000,000,000 a year. Over \$60,000,000 has been

invested in public schools, whose maintenance costs from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 a year. There are 800 private schools, 350 seminaries and academies, and four universities. The public library contains nearly 200,000 volumes, and has a circulation greater than that of any other in the United States. The other libraries of the city are estimated to contain over 3,000,000 volumes. There are over 900 daily and weekly papers and periodicals, and 700 literary organizations. There are about 600 churches.



THE GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1871.

Over \$300,000,000 has been expended in the construction of buildings since 1876, and the annual expenditure for this purpose is between \$45,000,000 and \$55,000,000.

I have said that there is something like destiny in this unexampled development. So there is; but destiny is merely another name for natural law.

Here was a continent, vast in extent, rich in resources, inhabited only by savages, unknown to the rest of the world. A daring navigator, inspired by faith in a theory, sailed from Spain into the unexplored west—sailed until he found land. Then came the adventurous of all civilized nations, hardy men who left their impress wherever they set foot. The natives were killed, driven away, or subjugated, and the soil became the prey of the invaders. These new lords of the land warred and negotiated, and warred again over the division of the spoils, and in the end the continent became Anglo-Saxon. Its future was then assured.

In the center of this continent was a great inland water-system, with limitless possibilities for commerce. To the terminal point of this

system all things gravitated. Curiously enough nature had made it also the terminus of another water-system. To the east and north

of it lay the lakes; to the west and south of it the rivers; it was the portage, the connecting link, between the two highways. Here there was bound to be some day a city, and its increase was bound to keep pace with the growth of the territory around it—that territory more than half of a great continent. Its existence was to become a commercial necessity; its development was to be



MEMORIAL BUILDING, ON THE SITE WHERE THE GREAT FIRE STARTED.

the necessary result of the development of the continent.

At this central point, therefore, in obedience to a power beyond the control of the sturdy men who were its instruments, Chicago arose. There it stands to-day. It has been prostrated by war and by fire, but calamity was powerless to check its progress. The same power that gave it life and a purpose gave it citizens endowed with the courage, strength, endurance, energy, enterprise, and nervous force needed for the maintenance of that life and the accomplishment of that purpose. There came to it only the daring among men, the Norsemen of business. They were capable of giving it the position in the commercial world that the race of the old Vikings held in the world of warriors. This is the whole secret of Chicago.

The first thing that impresses a stranger in



ONE OF THE GREAT WHOLESALE STORES OF CHICAGO.

the city is the magnitude and magnificence of the buildings in the business districts. The fire of 1871, the most disastrous conflagration in history, was not without compensating features. It gave the world an opportunity to show its generosity; it gave the people of Chicago a chance to show the world the clear grit

that lay at the bottom of all their undertakings; and, finally, it cleared the way for a better class of structures. For a time, it is true, buildings were thrown up regardless of appearances, of stability, or of anything except speed. They were in the nature of sheltersheds. Winter was approaching, and business could not be carried on in the open air. Neither could it be conducted to advantage at points remote from the natural center of commerce. It was necessary to provide stores and warehouses and offices, and to do so at once. Before the debris was cool, while the bricks and stones that lay in confused heaps all over the burned district were still so hot that they could not be handled without gloves, thousands and thousands of men set to work to rebuild the city. There was no dearth of laborers, for in the absence of more congenial employment, or in the desire to aid in hastening the restoration, an army of

clerks, bookkeepers, cashiers, salesmen, school-teachers, and others who had never known the use of their muscles, armed themselves with saws and hammers and trowels, and gave their services to the master-builders. Besides, every train that entered the city from the East brought reinforcements of skilled artisans. Buildings rose like magic, the owners or lessees moved in and business was resumed. Gradually these temporary make-shifts were torn down and replaced by more substantial edifices, and it is doubtful whether a single block that was pushed to completion within the three months succeeding the fateful 9th of October now remains standing. Indeed, many that

were built in the next four years, in the expectation that they would serve for several decades, have also disappeared, and the rest are following in their wake.

It was in 1876, when the people had recovered in a measure from the effects of the fire, —or rather of both fires, for there was another

serious conflagration in July, 1874,—that the new era began to dawn. Since then more than \$350,000,000 has been expended in buildings. With this enormous sum of money at

terra-cotta or brick, which serves to keep out the weather and presents an attractive appearance. Even where the walls are of solid masonry, as is the case with numbers of the



Residence of Mr. George M. Pullman.

CHICAGO'S HISTORIC TREE, ON THE SITE OF THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE.

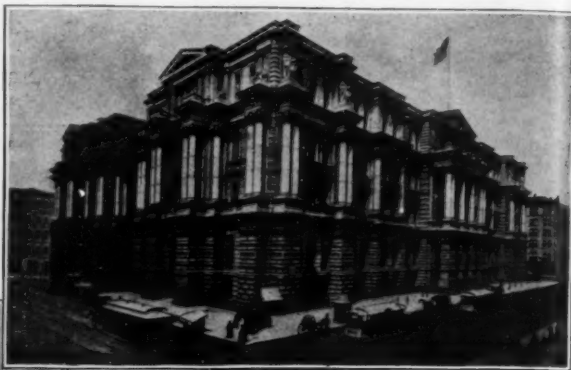
their disposal, architects and engineers had an incentive to study and work such as they had never had before, and they evolved methods of construction far superior to any that had been followed in the past. Under the new system wood has been discarded wherever iron can be made to serve the purpose, and iron is rapidly giving way to steel. In the best buildings all beams and supports are now made of steel, which is manufactured into all the shapes needed for the framework. No metal is used until it has been thoroughly tested by experts; in fact, this is true of all the material used. The frame is erected entirely independent of the walls, which are expected to contribute nothing to the strength of the structure. In many cases these are merely a thin mask of

finest buildings, the same frame-plan is adopted. Architects now say that there is no such thing as an absolutely fire-proof building; but our large structures are made as nearly fire-proof as is practicable. Every iron or steel pillar, every support, every floor-beam, everything, in fact, that can be injured by heat is inclosed in a covering of terra-cotta, from which it is separated by air-chambers. No ordinary fire would be likely to do serious damage to a building so carefully guarded.

The foundation problem used to be a serious one. Chicago was originally a low, marshy tract of land, and although it is now dry enough and raised an average of twelve feet above its old level, it does not everywhere afford substantial support. Driving piles into the soft

places was tried, but the results were not satisfactory. Big buildings settled so much and so unevenly that their appearance was marred, and their stability threatened. The post-office is a notable example. Its walls are cracked in scores of places, and its total collapse is one of the possibilities which the occupants have to face every day. If it were the property of the city, or even of individual citizens, it would be torn down. Unfortunately it belongs to the United States; therefore it stands, a menace to life, and an offense in the sight of all beholders. However, so far as local buildings are concerned, the foundation problem has been solved. The present plan is to make a sub-foundation of steel rails and concrete. The rails are

speaking of a few characteristic buildings. There is the Auditorium, for example, the grandest edifice of its class in all the world, and a monument to the public spirit of the wealthy men of Chicago. A few years ago the idea came to a gentleman of means and leisure that the city needed an opera house. There were theaters in plenty, but not one of them was



THE CITY HALL, CHICAGO.



THE POST-OFFICE.

(From photographic prints. By permission of C. Ropp & Sons, Chicago.)

laid side by side, and close together, until a sufficiently large surface has been covered, and the spaces between them are filled in with concrete. Then another layer of rails and concrete is placed crosswise on top of the first. A third layer is placed on the second, and so on until in the opinion of the engineers it will bear the required weight. The foundation proper is built upon this underground structure. Some of the tallest "sky-scrapers" in the city rest upon steel-rail beds, and none of them has settled to an appreciable degree.

It is not desirable in a general article of this kind to deal very largely with details, yet it would be a pity to leave this subject without

especially adapted for the production of grand opera. He laid the matter before the members of the Commercial Club at one of the monthly dinners; and it was favorably received. Three years later the Auditorium was opened to the public. The building consists of five departments, so to speak. First there is the Auditorium, or opera house, capable of seating 4000 people, with an enormous stage, and the best mechanical appliances that human ingenuity has devised. The acoustic properties are simply perfect. Second, there is Recital Hall, a lecture or music room with a seating capacity of 500. Third, the Auditorium Hotel, with 400 guest-rooms, and the most elaborate appointments that money could procure. Fourth, the observatory tower, from which, on clear days, a fine view of the city can be obtained; and finally, the stores and offices, consisting of 136 rooms and suites. The main building is ten stories high, and the tower ten higher. The total height is 270 feet. The street frontage, on three



THE AUDITORIUM.
MICHIGAN AVENUE AND CONGRESS STREET.

(From a photograph by J. W. Taylor.)



THE ART INSTITUTE.
MICHIGAN AVENUE.

(From a photographic print. By permission of C. Ropp & Sons, Chicago.)



THE WOMAN'S TEMPLE.
LA SALLE AND MONROE STREETS.

(From a photograph by J. W. Taylor.)



MASONIC TEMPLE.
STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS.

(From a photographic print. By permission of C. Ropp & Sons, Chicago.)

streets, is over 700 feet. The first and second stories are built of granite, and the remaining eighteen of building-stone. The interior material is iron, brick, terra-cotta, marble, and various kinds of hard wood. The floors are of mosaic, made up of 50,000,000 pieces, each put

possessing. It has been said that this building "is representative of Chicago as a city, where art, beauty, and utility are so strongly defined, though nearly always blended, on every side."

The Masonic Temple, whose twenty stories seem to reach up into the clouds, owes its existence to the desire of the various masonic bodies to get together under one roof. The idea of a grand temple had been talked of for twenty years or more; but no beginning was made until four years ago. One day, about the close of 1889, a meeting was held to consider the subject, and a committee was appointed and authorized to "go ahead." It did go ahead, and in the spring of 1892 the temple was dedicated. Like the Auditorium, like most of the finer buildings in the city, its interior is rich in marble and mosaic. Exteriorly, the first three stories are built of red granite; the others of gray brick. A peculiar feature of its construction is that the first eleven stories are fitted up for shops, a new arrangement which the high rentals of ground-



THE ROOKERY.

THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.

in place by hand. The cost of the building was \$3,500,000; of the ground on which it stands, \$1,500,000.

Its immensity, the richness and beauty of its interior decoration, the wealth of marble, and bronze, and rare woods, the luxuriousness of its furnishings, all combine to make it a palace such as no Oriental monarch ever dreamed of

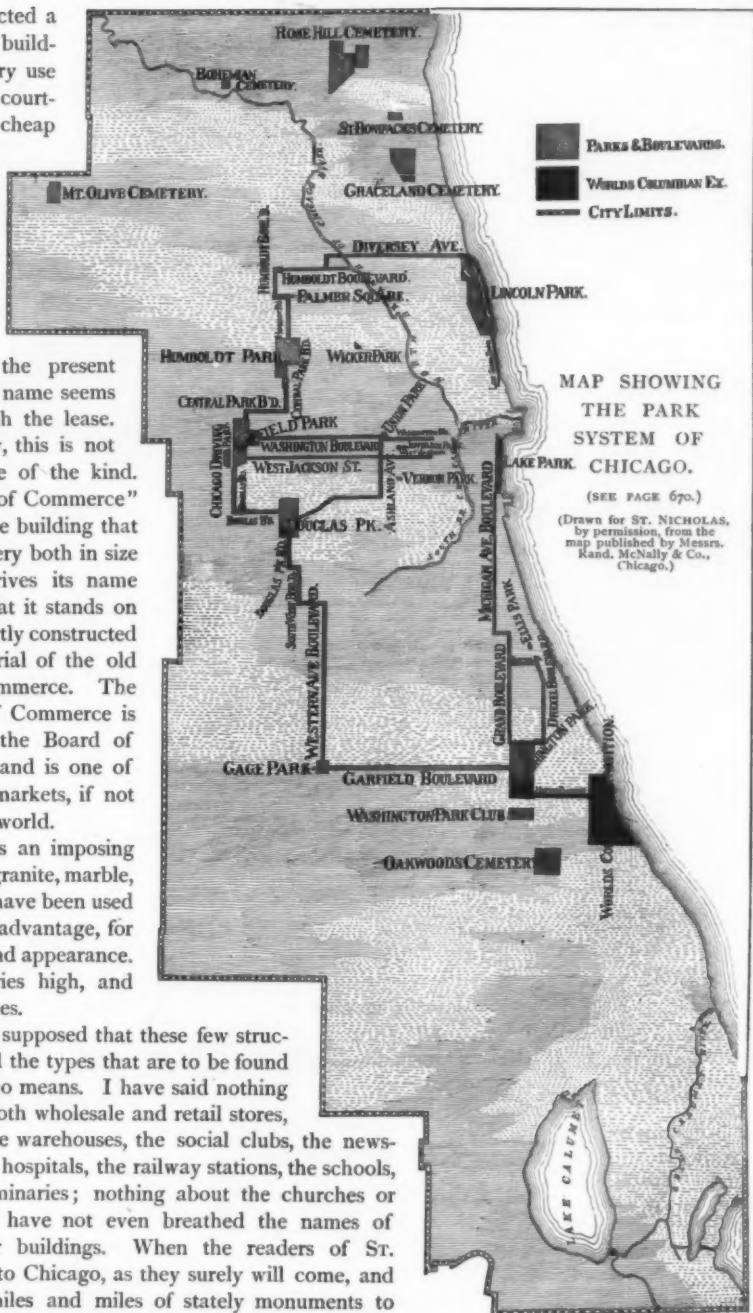
floor stores has brought about. Between the eleventh and sixteenth floors it is arranged for offices. Above the sixteenth story everything is devoted to masonic purposes except the roof, which has been converted into an observatory.

Among office buildings, of which there are a great many, the Rookery takes the highest rank. Its name is reminiscent. Shortly after the

fire the city erected a two-story brick building for temporary use as a city hall and courthouse. It was a cheap affair, and soon fell into decay. The newspaper reporters called it a "rookery," and the name stuck. Its site was leased to the owners of the present building, and the name seems to have gone with the lease. And, by the way, this is not the only instance of the kind. The "Chamber of Commerce" building, an office building that rivals the Rookery both in size and beauty, derives its name from the fact that it stands on the site and is partly constructed out of the material of the old Chamber of Commerce. The new Chamber of Commerce is now known as the Board of Trade building, and is one of the finest grain markets, if not the finest, in the world.

The Rookery is an imposing edifice, in which granite, marble, mosaic, and oak have been used to the very best advantage, for both durability and appearance. It is eleven stories high, and contains 600 offices.

It must not be supposed that these few structures represent all the types that are to be found in the city. By no means. I have said nothing about the mammoth wholesale and retail stores, nothing about the warehouses, the social clubs, the newspaper offices, the hospitals, the railway stations, the schools, colleges, and seminaries; nothing about the churches or the dwellings; I have not even breathed the names of the World's Fair buildings. When the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* come to Chicago, as they surely will come, and look upon the miles and miles of stately monuments to human industry and enterprise, they will understand how



utterly impossible it is to do more than refer to them in a general way.

But the crowning glory of Chicago is its park system.

Suppose old London had been encircled by a broad driveway, smooth as a drawing-room floor, thirty or forty miles in extent, and running into and through vast and wonderful parks. Then, suppose that the city extended beyond and all about this encircling belt and its green oases. Something like that exists in Chicago to-day.

I do not know who devised this remarkable system. The curious thing is that it should have oc-

curred to the right man at the right time, and that it should have met with the popular favor and support needed to make its realization a success. When the system was still in its infancy,—it is not beyond



DRIVEWAYS OF THE GRAND BOULEVARD.



THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE.

its youth now,—it seemed impossible enough, and there were many blind mortals who complained that the parks were too far away from the city to be of use as “breathing places for the masses,” as the newspapers called the parks. No such complaint could be made now. The park that is most remote from the center of the city is still more remote from the city limit that lies beyond it. The most extensive park and boulevard system known threatens to become, at no distant date, altogether too small for Chicago.

the West Park Board obtained 566 acres which they divided into Douglas Park, Garfield Park and Humboldt Park. At the time, Lincoln Park was in the extreme northeastern corner of the city, Jackson and Washington Parks at the southeastern, while a line drawn from Humboldt Park through Garfield Park, and terminating in Douglas Park, defined the western limit. A dozen or more smaller parks, varying in size from half an acre to twenty acres each, and scattered throughout



VIEW ON MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

The original plan, which has never been departed from, was to establish large parks in the outlying region to the north, west, and south, and connect them by a series of boulevards. The requisite legislation for the creation of three park boards—one for each division of the city—and for the levying of an annual tax was secured, and the work was begun. On the North side, the Lincoln Park Board got possession of the old city cemetery and enough contiguous property to make up the 250 acres now known as Lincoln Park; the South Park Board purchased 1037 acres which they converted into Washington Park, Jackson Park, and the Midway Plaisance;

the city, bring the total area of park lands up to about 2000 acres. This does not include the boulevards, which are about thirty miles long. These are now completed, forming the finest driveway in the world. With a good team of trotters a person may start from the Lake Front Park, in the center of the city—and opposite some of the best hotels—drive south on Michigan Avenue Boulevard to Thirty-fifth street; thence to Grand Boulevard, which leads to Washington Park; through Washington Park, westward, to Garfield Boulevard, and thence to Gage Park; through Gage Park and north on Western Avenue Boulevard and Douglas Boulevard to

Douglas Park; thence along the western and northern extension of Douglas Boulevard to Garfield Park; along Central Park Boulevard to Humboldt Park; north and east by Humboldt Boulevard and Diversey Avenue Boulevard to Lincoln Park; and south along the Lake Shore drive, Rush street, and Michigan Avenue to the starting-point. He may make this circuit in an afternoon, and return his horses to the stable in good condition. The roadway is so smooth, and the going so easy, that the same team might make the trip twice a day and be none the worse for it.

It is not unlikely, however, that a stranger would have to make several attempts before he could accomplish the entire distance in the specified time. There is so much on the way that is worth seeing, and the parks are so interesting and attractive, that the temptation to make long stops at short intervals would be too great to be resisted. Broad, velvety green fields, beautiful shade trees, artificial lakes which afford facilities for boating in summer and skating in winter, ornamental beds of rare flowers, greenhouses filled with tropical plants, serpentine walks and drives, combine to lure people from the noise, and dust, and worry of a crowded city. The conservatories are especially rich in their variety of plants. Among the specimens to be seen in that at Lincoln Park are a sago palm more than a century old, brought from Mexico, a tree fern fifteen feet high, and a date palm. Much attention has been given to the cultivation of water lilies, and almost every known variety is now to be found in the ponds. The *Victoria regia*, whose leaves spread out to a breadth of six or seven feet and turn up at the edges, giving them a tub-like appearance, has been very successfully grown. Garfield Park has the largest collection of orchids.

I have no hesitation in saying that with the young, Lincoln Park is more popular than any other, or, indeed, than all the others. It is not so much its beauty, although it is unsurpassed in that respect, as its fine collection of wild animals that forms the attraction. The members of the Lincoln Park Board seem to understand children, and for their benefit have acquired quite a large menagerie. Among other animals

it has a small herd of buffaloes,—one of the few bunches left to remind us of the countless thousands that once roamed the Western plains. There are also deer of several kinds, bears, wolves, lynxes, wildcats, rabbits, prairie-dogs, guinea-pigs, and even white rats and mice. It once had a large drove or school of sea-lions, which made night hideous to the entire North side with their peculiar and incessant barking. Some died, others made their escape to Lake Michigan, and now only two or three specimens remain. Two large African lions occupy one of the cages.

Another attraction in this park, to grown people as well as to children, is the electrical fountain. This fountain usually plays for two or three evenings a week during the summer, and it draws thousands of spectators. In this park, also, is the equestrian statue of Grant, which was erected by popular subscription. A large bronze statue of Lincoln occupies the most prominent position near the southern entrance. Statues of Shakspeare, Schiller, Linnaeus, and La Salle, and one of a group of Indians, are also to be found there. Others intended for this park are now in the hands of the sculptors.

It may interest some of the boys who read *St. Nicholas* to know that Lake Michigan teems with perch, which seem not only willing but anxious to be caught. The entire lake-front of the city, for a distance of about twenty miles, is protected from the waves by a line of breakwater, upon which, when the wind is westerly or southerly, thousands of men and boys, and sometimes women and girls, may be seen with rods and lines trying to lure the little fellows from the watery depths. I do not know whether perch-fishing is a sport or an industry; it partakes of the nature of both. If you wish to get the best fishing, take passage on one of the little pleasure-steamers that lie opposite the Lake Front Park, and go out to the government pier, or breakwater, a mile from the shore. You need not encumber yourself with fishing tackle, for you will find on the pier men who make their living by renting rods and lines, and selling minnows for bait. The charge is trifling. It is not an unusual thing for boys to catch, in a few hours, strings of fifty or sixty perch each. Sometimes men are as fortunate, but not often;

boys are always luckier than men in fishing. I remember one day seeing a very nice old gentleman sitting on the pier with his grandson, a little boy not more than seven years old. The gentleman was an expert angler, knew all about trout and black bass and maskalonge, and had gone out to give the boy his first lesson in sport. It was sport—for the boy, and also for the

water that are well stocked with bass, pickerel, and pike. The State line which divides Indiana from Illinois—from Chicago, in fact—runs through the middle of Wolf Lake. These lakes used to be famous breeding-grounds for wild ducks, and some still breed there, though the numbers have greatly diminished. In the spring or fall, however, ducks stop there on their



FISHING FOR PERCH FROM THE BREAKWATER, CHICAGO.

spectators. The boy caught a fish at least once every minute or two, but his grandfather never got a bite.

Chicago, by the way, is very favorably situated for sport both with rod and gun. One need not go beyond the city limits to get either game fish or game birds. I have said that the area of the city is 181 square miles, but it must not be supposed that all this territory is covered with buildings. The open spaces are rapidly diminishing, and in time will disappear, but there still remains a large unoccupied tract to the south and southeast, in which are located Calumet Lake, Hyde Lake, and about one half of Wolf Lake, three small inland bodies of

northern or southern flight, and furnish good shooting for a few days. The only drawback is that the place is too accessible; a street-car or any one of half a dozen suburban trains will take the sportsman within easy walking-distance of the lakes. The consequence is that there are too many shooters, and the lakes are "burnt out"; that is to say, the birds are frightened away from the country by the noise and smoke. The lands near to these lakes are low and marshy, and make good feeding-grounds for the jacksnipe, so called; really his name is "Wilson's snipe." There is no finer sport than snipe-shooting, and good bags are frequently made on these grounds. In this advantage Chicago is

probably unique; it is not likely that there is another large city that can furnish duck- and snipe-shooting, and occasionally goose-shooting, within its corporate boundaries.

Thus far, except for this digression into the lakes and fields, I have spoken only of the material development of the city. But there is a higher development, the intellectual and moral, the progress in literature, art, and science. Just as the material growth of the city is the result of the material growth of the continent, so this intellectual growth is the result of the material growth. One follows the other as naturally as day follows night.

A few years ago Charles Dudley Warner visited Chicago, and after a stay of several weeks wrote his impressions. He praised the enterprise and energy of the people, but confessed that they lacked the culture of their brothers and sisters in the East; they had been too busy to devote much time to polish. However, he said that if Chicago ever gave its mind to that subject it "would make culture hum."

I suppose Mr. Warner, by this jest, meant to imply that if Chicago people sought to acquire culture, they would acquire it with a rush. More recently, discussing the future literary center of the United States, Mr. Warner said:

Boston cooks better than it once did; it also is rich, and more than half of its population is foreign. Is its literary publishing and production on the wane? And is it about to pass on the torch of literature to New York? Why not to Chicago? This is an imprudent question, for if the attention of Chicago is attracted to this opening, if it is convinced that literary supremacy is a good thing to have, it will snap it up in twenty-four hours. But while the attention of Chicago is otherwise engaged there is a chance for New York.

It is likely that Mr. Warner had written more wisely than he knew. Chicago moves, and has always moved, by impulse. Its career has been a series of impulses. The commercial impulse gave it being, and made it the second city in the country in a period briefer than the lifetime of an ordinary man. The building impulse made it in less than twenty years the best-built city in the world. Now there are unmistakable signs of literary, art, and scholastic impulses. They are surely coming. If, as its citizens believe, Chicago is destined to be the metropolis

of the continent, then it is also destined to be the center of literature, of art, of education, of science.

There has sprung up in the city within a year one of the greatest universities in America, endowed with millions of money, and equipped with instructors selected from the world because of their especial fitness for the work in hand. Only the other day, as it were, one of Chicago's wealthy men conveyed to a board of trustees a building which he had just completed at a cost of \$1,500,000, and with it gave his check for \$1,400,000 with which to equip and maintain it as an industrial and scientific institute. Libraries have been founded and endowed, and have grown with a growth that has nowhere else been seen. The Chicago Public Library, founded little more than twenty years ago, has acquired a circulation greater than that of any other in the country. The Newberry Library, endowed by the bequest of a citizen, is becoming one of the great reference libraries of the world. The Crerar Library, endowed by the will of another deceased citizen, is in process of formation. The largest single purchase of books that was ever known—300,000 volumes—has just been made for the library of the Chicago University. The private libraries of the city are little known to the public, but they will compare favorably with the finest collections of New York, or Boston. The largest and most complete bookstore in the world is in Chicago.

The newspapers have been as marvelous in their development as the city itself, and from these newspapers, from the ranks of their reporters and editors, are coming writers whose strong and virile work will make a lasting impression upon the literary world.

Chicago has a way of attending to a great many things at once.

All things are possible in a city situated as Chicago is situated. Impelled by the force of natural law, it will become the center of industry, of commerce, of art, of literature, of science, and of education. Not one century or two centuries hence, but to-morrow, in a year, in ten years—when the impulse shall be felt—all this will come to pass.

ABIJAH'S FOURTH OF JULY.

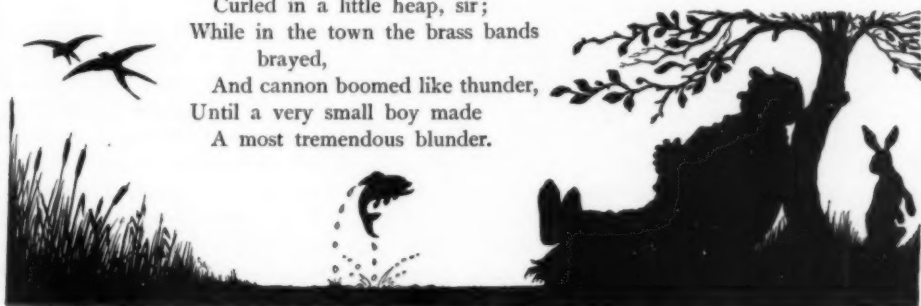
BY JACK BENNETT.



ABIJAH STONE strolled off alone
While yet the morn was hazy;
The neighbors' boys made such a noise,
They almost drove him crazy.
"I love my country well," said he,
"But think it is a sin, sir,
To spoil July's sweet jubilee
By making such a din, sir!"

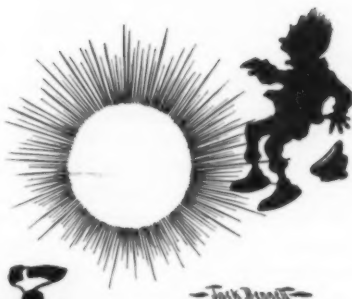


So, in a nook beside a brook,
Serenely sound asleep, sir,
Abijah lay the livelong day,
Curled in a little heap, sir;
While in the town the brass bands
brayed,
And cannon boomed like thunder,
Until a very small boy made
A most tremendous blunder.



For, just at dark, he dropped a spark
Where sparks are very worst, sir;
A blinding flash — a frightful crash —

• • • • •
A powder-keg had burst, sir!
Abijah found but scattered shreds
When he returned to town, sir,
And people standing on their heads
Where they had just come down, sir!



— Jack Bennett —



TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ARTIST IN WAX.

WHEN Dea reached the small cottage on Villeré street, where she had passed most of the years of her sad little life, she pushed open the creaking gate impetuously, and, closely followed by Homo, ran swiftly up the grass-grown brick walk to the door.

"Papa, Papa," she called, placing her lips to the key-hole, "it's me—it's Dea. Do let me in—quick!"

After a few moments of impatient waiting, the child heard a slow, listless step approaching, and a hand that seemed weak and trembling turned the key and opened the door cautiously. In the aperture appeared a wan, bearded face with hollow eyes and tangled hair.

"Papa, oh, Papa, just see what I've got!" cried Dea, darting through the narrow opening. "I've sold Quasimodo, and I've brought you something to eat."

The man looked at her silently, in a dazed, helpless sort of way, pressing his hand to his head as if he were trying to collect his thoughts and awaken his memory.

The child was breathless and exhausted from her running; but she closed the door, set down her basket, and then hastened to open one of the blinds, for the room was nearly dark. Then, drawing a chair up to a large table which was covered with books and papers, as well as a number of small wax figures in different stages of progress, she cleared from one corner of it the numerous articles of her father's craft, and spreading out the napkin containing the food that Seline had given her, she turned to her father, and putting her arm around him, led him to the chair and gently seated him.

For a moment he looked at the food silently, while the tears rolled slowly down his thin

cheeks. "Is it for me?" he whispered, at length.

"Yes, Papa; it's for you—it's all for you."

"No, no. You must eat it, Dea; you are hungry."

"I have had my breakfast, Papa. This is for you. Eat it, and see how nice it is," urged the child, as she selected a tempting morsel, and held it toward him.

"I'm not hungry; I can't eat. I'm too ill to eat."

"Dear, dear Papa, do try! I brought it for you. And I have sold Quasimodo; look, *cher*, look at the money." She put her arm around his neck, and held the note before him. "Is n't it lovely? Just look; five dollars—twenty-five francs. We sha'n't be hungry again. Oh, dearest, sweetest Papa, wake up; try to forget your poor head—try to eat and get well"; and Dea pressed her anxious little face against his hair, and caressed him fondly.

For some time he sat staring at the money, his weak frame shaking with a tearless sob. "It is gone," he groaned at last. "I worked day and night on it. It was the best thing I ever did, and this little piece of paper is all I have for it."

"Oh, Papa," cried the child, with a sharp note of sorrow in her soft voice, "don't think of that! You can do another as good. Think of me, be glad for me, get well for me. I love you, I love you! Try to eat; do try. This is nice bread, and this is the cheese you like." And as coaxingly and as tenderly as one would treat a sick child, she broke the food, morsel by morsel, and put it to his lips.

He did not resist, but ate with pitiful docility, and evidently with little relish. When he would take no more, Dea gave the fragments to Homo, who was watching the result with great interest, as though he was wondering in his dog's heart why his master had to be urged to eat. Then

she brought a plate, and, putting the remainder of the food on it, she covered it with the napkin, and set it away for another meal. After that, she went to her small room, and slipping off her kerchief and scarf, she put on a long apron that entirely covered her frock. The frock had been one of her mother's, and she was very careful of it. Then she proceeded to tidy up the small neglected chambers. She was so little and frail that the broom in her hands seemed out of all proportion, yet she handled it with wonderful dexterity. She swept and dusted and arranged everything with the utmost care; then she returned to the room where her father sat with his hollow eyes still fixed on the note, his face full of pain and disappointment.

"Let me put the money away, Papa," Dea said cheerfully, "and to-morrow I will get you everything you want. Now I will arrange your table and dust your books."

There were books bound in leather, and books bound in cloth; some had paper covers, and some had no covers at all; they were large and small, thick and thin, old and new; but, strange to say, every book bore on its title-page the name of Victor Hugo. Some were beautifully illustrated Paris editions, and their illustrations had suggested certain figures and costumes to the artist in wax, while other studies had been designed and colored entirely by himself, and were the very careful and correct work of no common talent. Under glass cases on a side table were some exquisite groups, and on the wall hung several medallions of a lovely female head in

different positions, as well as a number of studies of a child all of which bore a remarkable resemblance to Dea; and it was not difficult to imagine that Dea's mother had served as the model for the medallions.

While Dea arranged the table and dusted the books, she talked incessantly in a low, coaxing voice. At first her father paid little atten-



DEA AND HER FATHER.

tion to her; then gradually his eyes brightened and his face showed an interest, while from time to time he passed his hand over his forehead and eyes as if he would brush away some object that clouded his vision.

It seemed as though Dea, by repeating what she said, at last impressed the subject on his wandering mind, and claimed his attention almost by force and in spite of himself.

"Do you understand, *cher*?" she said, im-

pressively. "To-morrow the kind monsieur will buy Esmeralda; then we shall have fifty francs, and fifty francs will last a long while. We can have a cutlet and salad for dinner, and old Susette can come and work for us again."

"Fifty francs! Are you sure, Dea, that we shall have fifty francs?" he interrupted with some interest. "Then I can buy some colors. My ultramarine is all gone, and I need some rose-madder. I have to color some more wax, and I must have some colors."

"You shall, Papa; I'll buy you some to-morrow. You can have everything you want," returned Dea, proudly.

"Can I, my child? Do you think I can? Can I have the Hachette edition of 'L'Homme qui Rit'?* There are some fine illustrations in it that I should like to copy."

Dea's little face fell, and her soft voice faltered. "I don't know, Papa. I'll see. I'll ask at the shop on the Rue Royale. If it is n't too much I'll try to get it."

"It ought to be had for fifty francs," said the artist, dreamily.

"But Papa, dear, we can't spend the money for books when we have no bread."

"Fifty francs, fifty francs," he repeated complainingly—"and I can't have the Hachette edition."

"Yes, you can, some time. We are going to be rich. Listen, Papa, while I tell you. The good monsieur who bought Quasimodo is an artist; he paints pictures instead of modeling *en cire*,† and he will pay me to go to his house and sit for him while he paints a picture."

"But you are not strong enough to stand that, Dea; you can't!" exclaimed the artist, excitedly.

"He will pay me, Papa, and then I can buy the book."

"Oh, well, if you can buy the Hachette, perhaps you may go."

Dea turned away her head and smiled faintly. "*Pauv'* papa!" she thought, "he will consent to almost anything for one of Victor Hugo's books."

"But, Papa," she continued entreatingly, as she took one of his long, thin hands in hers and stroked it fondly, "I wish you'd let the

painter come here and see your groups. He might buy one, and they will bring so much more than the little figures. Can't he come here and see them?"

"Here, Dea?—here in this house, where I am buried?—a stranger here, and I so ill, so poor? No, no, child; you are thoughtless, you are cruel. I will never open my door to any one but you." And he glanced around restlessly and anxiously, as if he feared that the stranger was about to effect an entrance.

"Well, never mind, *cher*," said the child, soothingly; "he sha'n't come here if it displeases you. I will take them to him. You can pack them carefully and I will take them."

"Yes, you can take them to him; and I will go to work now and finish something."

In nervous haste he arranged his lamp with its thick shade, selected his wax and small tools, and seated himself at the table with a magnifying glass adjusted over his eye. He was a tall man, and handsome in spite of his illness; his face was intellectual, and his manners refined and gentle; and as he worked swiftly and skilfully, Dea leaned over the table and watched him with fond pride.

After a while, when the room was quite dark, the child arose and closed the blinds softly; then she went into her father's room, which was next to hers, turned down his bed-cover, drew his mosquito-bar, and placed a carafe of fresh water on the little table. "*Pauv'* papa," she thought, as she went about the room in a gentle, womanly way, "I hope he will sleep to-night, and not groan and walk as he did last night. I must try to get the book; he will be so happy if I get him the book."

When she had finished her preparations for his comfort, she went to say good night to him; and as she kissed him she whispered anxiously, "Don't sit up late, dear Papa; try to sleep to-night, won't you?"

"You're a good child, Dea," he said absently as he tenderly returned her caress; "go to your bed and don't worry about me. I must work now, and later—later, perhaps, I will try to get some rest."

Some hours after, when Dea was sleeping the peaceful sleep of childhood, her father

* "The Man Who Laughs"—one of Victor Hugo's novels. † In wax.

entered her room softly, glanced at her tranquil little face, and at Homo stretched before her bed; then going to his room, he took his hat, with a band of rusty crape around it, and went quietly out into the sweet moonlit night, closing and locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "CHILDREN" OF PÈRE JOSEF.

THE next morning, when Philip, rosy and fresh after a long night's sleep, ran to Père Josef for his lessons, he found the gentle little priest already seated at his books and with his empty coffee-cup before him.

"Mammy thought I'd be late; I did n't want to wake this morning," said Philip, after the usual salutations were exchanged.

"No, my child, you're in good time; the clock is just on the stroke of six," replied Père Josef, closing his book with an air of preoccupation; "and I'm glad you're punctual, for his reverence the archbishop has sent for me to come to him at nine o'clock. I could not sleep this morning, wondering what such a message betokens. I was up long before dawn, and I thought that idle boy would never bring me my coffee."

While Père Josef was speaking, with some signs of irritation in his usually placid voice, Philip's bright eyes were glancing around the plain little room as if they were looking for something; at length, failing to see the objects of his search, he asked eagerly: "Where are they, Père Josef? where are the white mice this morning?"

"*Mes enfants?* Oh, they were so troublesome, so really wicked, that I was obliged to put them in prison. 'Blanche' would sweep the dust all over my books, and 'Boule-de-Neige'* covered herself with coffee. Instead of taking her lump of sugar properly,—would you believe it?—she jumped into my saucer to help herself, and came out with her silky white coat quite soiled. Oh, dear, dear! it was because I was worried that they behaved so badly. They thought I was not noticing them."

"But, Père Josef, where are they? Can't I see them a moment before I begin my lessons?" asked Philip, coaxingly.

"They are locked up in my cupboard, in the dark. When their spirits are too turbulent, darkness is the only thing that subdues them. Perhaps I have to blame myself for their wickedness, and I don't wish to excuse myself for my folly; I don't want any one to follow my example." Here Père Josef leaned toward Philip and whispered mysteriously, "I should n't like any one to know it, my child, but I've been teaching them to dance!"

"Oh, Père Josef, how funny that must be! Do let me see them dance."

"I can't; I can't make them dance now"; and Père Josef glanced around furtively. "They won't dance without music, and—and I could n't play the flute in broad day with the windows open."

"Do *you* play the flute, Père Josef?" asked Philip, his blue eyes full of mirth. "How pretty it must be to see your children dance while you play the flute!"

"Yes, it *is* very amusing. I feel young again when I play the flute for them. It was long ago, when I was a boy at the seminary, that I learned to play, and I was enchanted with it; but when I took orders, I had to give it up."

"But why did you *have* to give it up, Père Josef?" asked Philip, with gentle sympathy.

"Because, my dear child, when we give ourselves to good works we must resign many things that only amuse us. I loved my flute; it came between me and my duties, and I gave it up. For years and years I never saw it. Now I am an old man, and I take it out again; I confess it with shame"; and a flush of contrition passed over Père Josef's pale, narrow face. "My child, I confess it with shame, I love it as well as I ever did; and, strange to say, I am secretly glad because I remember all the old tunes, and I'm playing them to teach my children how to dance. You're a good, discreet boy, and you won't repeat my confidences. While I'm speaking of it, I may as well tell you of my fears which prevented my sleeping last night. It seems strange, this summons from the archbishop. Do you think he can have heard of my folly—my levity, and has sent for me to reprove me?"

"Oh, Père Josef, you're so good!" cried

* Snowball.

Philip, warmly; "the archbishop won't reprove you for a little thing like that."

"I trust not; I hope not. Still I am anxious. His reverence may have heard of it, and he may think that I am not attending to my duties; but, my dear boy, I have been very careful not to allow my children to interfere with my work, and I have never played on my flute except late at night or very early in the morning when others are sleeping."

"If no one heard you," said Philip, wisely, "no one could have told the archbishop; so I would n't be unhappy about it, Père Josef."

"*Eh bien!* I shall know soon. In the meantime, I think my poor children have been punished enough. I will let them out for you to have a little glimpse of them before you begin your lessons. They are charming this morning."

As he spoke, Père Josef went briskly into his little sleeping-room, and presently returned, bringing a small wire cage in which were a number of tiny white mice. As he set the cage on the table, the lively little animals began to scamper and scurry from one side to the other of their small house, their little upright ears and pink eyes looking very alert and mischievous.

"Oh, look, look!" cried Philip; "they are playing *Colin-Maillard*."*

"The little rogues!—their punishment has not done them the least good!" said Père Josef, standing off and looking at them admiringly.

Suddenly one of the tiniest seized a small broom, made by cutting short the handle of a brush for water-colors, and began sweeping the floor of the cage furiously, making a great fuss and confusion as she scattered her companions to the right and left. When she had finished this domestic duty to her satisfaction, she shouldered her broom and trotted off on her hind legs to stand it carefully in one corner.

"Is n't Blanche amusing this morning!" said Philip, as he hung enraptured over the cage. "And look at poor *Boule-de-Neige*, with her little coat all coffee-stained! How unhappy she seems! Now, Père Josef, can't you drill them for just a minute? I have n't seen them drill for ever so long."

Père Josef could not resist the temptation to show off the accomplishments of his chil-

dren, so he seated himself, and, with his thin, dark face close to Philip's rosy cheeks as they pressed near the cage, began in a clear, distinct voice an exercise which they followed exactly—marching in single file, closing up, and facing to the right or left as they were ordered, standing erect on their little hind legs and going through their manœuvres with the greatest gravity and precision.

Philip was almost beside himself with delight;—they were wonderful, they were enchanting! And while he and Père Josef watched their antics, they paid no heed to the flight of time. After they had finished their miniature drill, Père Josef softly, and with several nervous glances in the direction of doors and windows, whistled an old waltz; and straightway the tiny sprites began to step and whirl in time to the tune. And never did Pan in a sylvan dell pipe to merrier little elves than these; and while Pan piped and the elves danced, Philip's books lay neglected, and Père Josef had forgotten the summons of his reverence the archbishop.

Suddenly the little priest started up, and looked at his clock in dismay; he had spent nearly an hour amusing himself with his "children." Taking a red-and-yellow silk handkerchief, he threw it resolutely over the cage, and turning to Philip he said, "Come, come, my child!—we are wasting our time, and that is wrong. The little rogues are so fascinating that I forget where I am when I watch them. Perhaps, after all, the archbishop would do no more than his duty if he reprov'd me for such a foolish infatuation."

Philip took his books reluctantly, and as he tried to study he seemed to see the pets of Père Josef dancing and whirling among the letters.

When the clock struck eight he was obliged to leave; so he hurriedly picked up his books, and went away without ever thinking of the question he had intended to ask Père Josef.

CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE MODELS.

MR. AINSWORTH was sitting at his easel in his improvised studio on an upper floor of the

* Blindman's-s-buff.

high house on Rue Royale. Although it was only a temporary arrangement, the room was really lovely. On the walls, which were artistically draped with rich foreign stuffs, were a great many charming sketches. About the room, on tables, on brackets, and even on the floor, were bright-colored jars and pots filled with palms, ferns, and various slender-leaved graceful plants, which gave the place a cool

unhappy; from time to time she coughed and moved restlessly. The sofa was drawn up to an open window, through which the soft spring air entered, gently rustling the slender spikes of the palm that shaded it.

Mr. Ainsworth was putting the finishing touches to a pretty bayou scene; he was working very busily. At length he looked up and said anxiously, "Is n't there too much draft from that window, Laura?"

"No," she returned in a weak, fretful voice; "I can't live without air. As it is, I can scarcely breathe indoors."

"Are you feeling worse this morning, dear?" questioned Mr. Ainsworth, gently, still touching his picture carefully and deftly.

"I don't know, really. I feel so ill all the time. It seems as if my weakness increased."

"My darling, you are fretting yourself to death. Try to rise above your sorrow. Try as I do. I

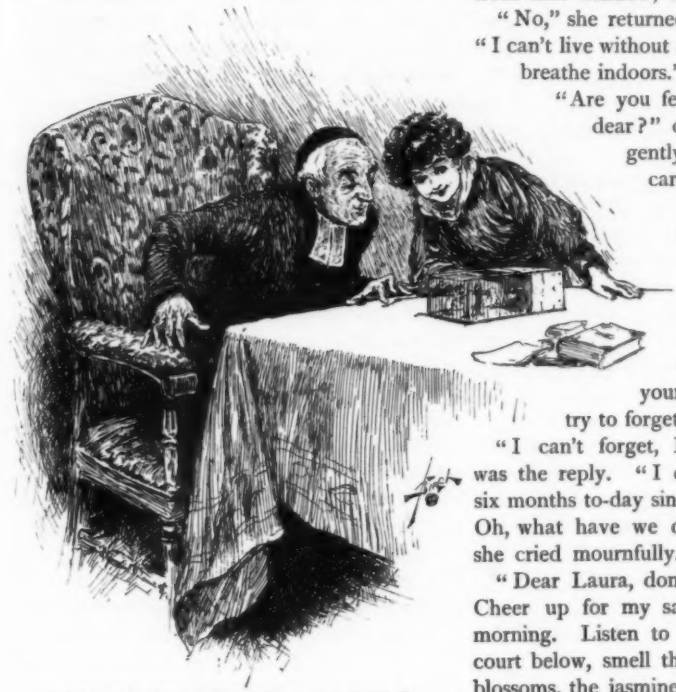
try to forget; I try to work."

"I can't forget, Edward, I can't forget," was the reply. "I don't wish to forget. It is six months to-day since we lost him—our boy! Oh, what have we done to be so afflicted?" she cried mournfully.

"Dear Laura, don't speak of it so bitterly. Cheer up for my sake, this heavenly spring morning. Listen to the birds singing in the court below, smell the perfume of the orange blossoms, the jasmine, the roses. Look at the sunlight on the roofs, see how the golden rays burnish that royal magnolia in the garden opposite."

"There are no singing birds, no perfumes, no sunlight for him!" she cried with a passionate burst of tears.

"Think of life instead of death; think of other children who live, and only live to suffer; think of the sad life of that child I bought the wax figure from yesterday." And Mr. Ainsworth glanced at Quasimodo standing in state on a bracket, with a piece of royal purple velvet behind him. "The little girl interested me, Laura, but not so much as the boy did.



"PÈRE JOSEF SOFTLY WHISTLED AN OLD WALTZ."

bowery effect. There were pictures on the easels, old china and bronzes on the shelves, books and magazines scattered about in the negligent fashion affected by artists. On a low sofa, covered with a Turkish rug, lay his young wife; she was slender and dark, and her thin cheeks had a feverish flush. One hand was under her head, the other held a book at which she did not even glance. She wore a loose white woolen gown heavily embroidered with black, and a rich black shawl was folded over her feet. She would have been handsome had she not looked so ill and

Don't think I'm fanciful, but it seems to me that he looks remarkably like our boy. He is about the same age; and, strange to say, *his* name is Philip."

"The same name; that is a singular coincidence," said Mrs. Ainsworth, rising languidly, and looking slightly interested; "but I don't see how a little gamin can resemble our boy."

"My dear, he does n't seem a little gamin; he seems singularly gentle and refined; but you will see for yourself. I think they will come this morning. The poor little girl is so anxious to sell Esmeralda, and the boy was so interested when I told him about my pictures. You should have seen his blue eyes light up."

"Has he *blue* eyes?"

"Yes, that deep, violet-blue like our boy's, and the same thick, curling brown hair; of course his clothes were plain, but they were clean, and he looked so fresh and sweet,—a child that any one could love."

Even while Mr. Ainsworth was speaking there was a timid knock at the door; and when he answered it, there stood the two charming little models, shy and tremulous, but with a determined expression on each small face.

"You see, I've brought Dea," said Philip, sweetly elated at his success. He looked very handsome: he was warm and rosy, and the heavy curls lay in damp rings on his white forehead. Toinette had dressed him in his best suit—a white linen shirt and new blue trousers; he held in one hand a straw hat, and with the other he clasped Dea, as if he feared she might escape even then.

The little girl's softly tinted face was very expressive, her eyes were full of expectation and surprise, her lips were parted in a faint shy smile. She looked healthier and happier, and altogether very lovely. With one hand she clung to Philip, and with the other she carried the small basket in which Esmeralda's fanciful costume and the gilded horns of her goat made a bright bit of color.

Mr. Ainsworth's face beamed with satisfaction as he led the children to his wife. "Here, Laura," he said, smiling—"here are my little models. What do you think of them?"

Mrs. Ainsworth did not notice Dea, but her dark eyes rested on Philip with a strange be-

wilderment of pain and surprise. She did not speak, but after a moment of silence turned away her head and, covering her face with her thin hands, began to cry passionately.

"She sees the likeness as I did," thought Mr. Ainsworth, as he led the two children to another part of the room: he did not wish them to be distressed by the sight of his wife's sorrow. With great tact he first sought to amuse and interest them by friendly little attentions. He showed them his curios, his pictures, his flowers; he gave them fruit and bonbons; he slipped a five-dollar note into Dea's basket, and installed Esmeralda on the bracket beside Quasimodo; and, after a while, when they were quite at home, he put a fresh canvas on his easel and posed them for a study. Philip was a little restless at first; he wished to see the actual picture-making, and would have preferred to watch Mr. Ainsworth at his work. But Dea stood like a small statue; she was accustomed to it, she had patiently sat many an hour for her father.

While Mr. Ainsworth painted, completely absorbed in his fascinating little subjects, Mrs. Ainsworth drew an easy-chair near the children and sat silently looking at Philip. Mr. Ainsworth wished to make their first visit so agreeable that they would like to come again; therefore while he worked he chatted pleasantly to them and encouraged them to talk freely to him in return. He was interested to know by what means the artist in wax had been brought to consent to his proposal. After several discreet questions he drew from Dea the shy avowal that she had come to earn the money to buy the Hachette edition, and that her *papa*'s papa had allowed her to sit for the painter in the hope that she would get him the much coveted book.

While Dea told her touching little story, Mr. Ainsworth glanced at his wife; she was looking at Philip, but she was listening to Dea. There was a softer expression on her face.

At last, after a fairly long sitting, the artist told his little models that he was done with them for the morning.

"We must go now," said Philip, with lingering and longing looks at the canvas, on which there already appeared a fair sketch of himself

and his little companion. "I 'd like to stay and watch while you paint, but I can't to-day. Seline is taking care of my flowers, and I must go and sell them."

"And Homo is asleep under her table," joined in Dea. "I told him to wait for me."

"But you will be sure to be here to-morrow?" said Mr. Ainsworth, looking from one to the other. "Here is your pay for being such good little models," and as he spoke he handed a bright silver dollar to each.

Philip smiled delightedly. "Thank you, monsieur," he said; "I would have to sell flowers all day to make as much."

Dea's little face was a study; she turned the dollar over and over, and looked at it as though she doubted her senses. "A dollar—five francs!" she said joyfully. "Oh, monsieur, is it enough to buy the book?"

"No, my dear, I think not; but when you come to-morrow I will see what can be done."

"And, monsieur, may I—may I bring one of papa's groups for you to look at?" asked Dea, hesitatingly. "There's one of the 'Toilers of the Sea.' It is very pretty. May I bring it?"

"Why, certainly, my dear. I should like to see it. If I don't buy it, some friend may."

"But, monsieur, it is very dear; papa says it is worth a hundred francs. It is large, you know—as large as this"; and Dea held her small hands apart to give some idea of the size.

"It's too large for you to bring, is n't it?"

"Philip will help me," she said confidently.

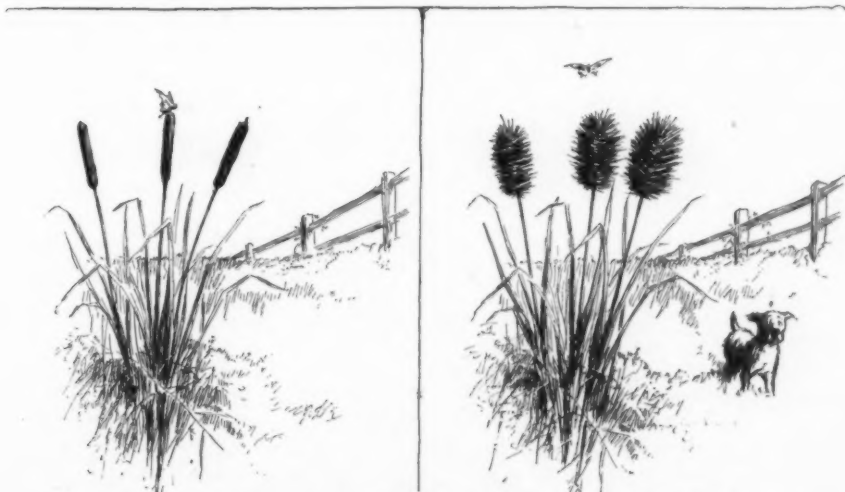
"Yes, I'll help you, Dea. It's too big for a girl like you, but it's not too big for me." Then, turning politely, he held out his hand to Mrs. Ainsworth. "Good-by," he said sweetly.

Mrs. Ainsworth took the little brown hand and drew the boy close to her; for a moment she looked into his eyes, then she put her arms around him and kissed him. Dea came forward and also received a kind caress. It was kind, but it was not like the kiss she had given Philip.

"They are charming," she said, looking at her husband with a smile—the first he had seen for many a day.

"*Au revoir*, monsieur," said Dea at the door. Philip was half-way down-stairs in his impatience to show his dollar to Seline. "*Au revoir*. I will bring the 'Toilers' to-morrow."

(To be continued.)



STRANGE EFFECT UPON THREE CATTAILS OF THE PRESENCE OF A COMMON YELLOW CUR.

FESTIVAL DAYS AT GIRLS' COLLEGES.

BY GRACE W. SOPER.



The Lodge, Wellesley College.

looked up and smiled; but the hint was taken, and in a moment there was a rush of girls through the library doors into the hall. College students though they were, all the girls talked at once.

"The refreshment committee say that we are to have ice-cream this time." "Oh, how delicious!" "Who 's to pour chocolate?" "What are you planning to wear?" "Have the rugs been placed in the halls?"

"Oh, girls, the decorations are lovely! All the riches of the Orient are there—curtains, bric-à-brac, and screens. Even the Fräulein's elevators are gorgeous!" The girls laughed, for it was funny to be reminded of the mistake of the dear little German professor, who insisted upon becoming warm at her "elevator," meaning "radiator." "Oh, I hope it will be a success!" sighed one girl anxiously. "Of course it will," another assured her. "In social affairs, system is necessary; so we have our committees of refreshment, of decoration, and of reception." "And an obliging faculty to make sure of a good time!" "Good-by!" called out one girl to another, as they separated. "Good-by! *Auf wiedersehen!* which, being interpreted, meaneth 'See you later!'" they called back in gay banter.

You might have known, listening to the talk,

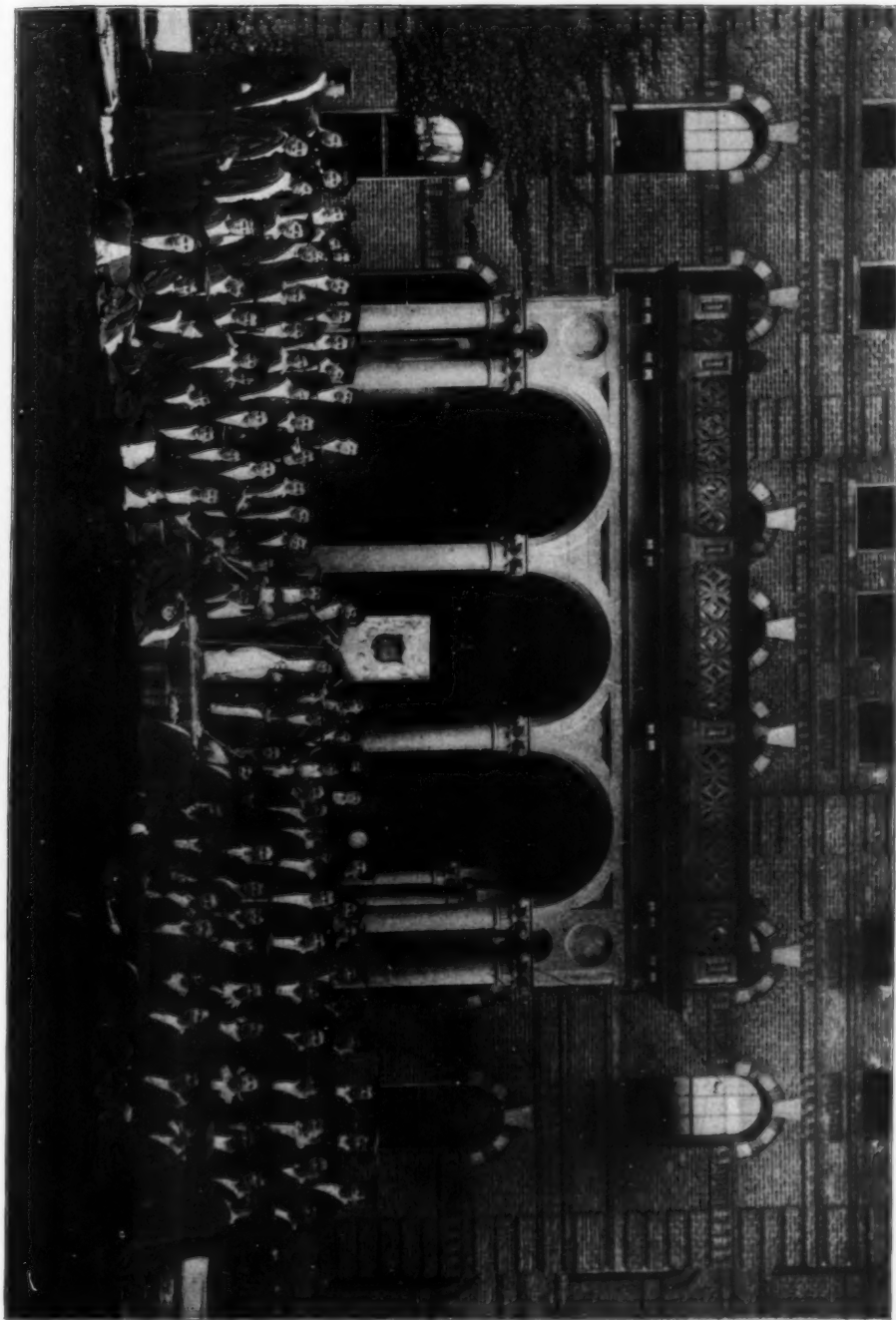
"ENOUGH of books! Now for fun, girls!" Sharp whispers, clear, joyous, and energetic, went down to the farthest alcoves of the quiet college library. Then all the readers at the tables which was chiefly exclamation and laughter, that there was to be a party, or a reception, or some other kind of festival in the great college that day; and if you are to be a college girl, you will like to hear what happened, and what is likely to take place when you are living the happy life at Vassar, or Wellesley, or Smith, or Bryn Mawr, or at any other college which affords to girls the blessed privileges of learning.

The festival about which the girls were talking was an afternoon reception offered by the faculty to the junior class. Standing in the hall, which was bright with decorations, the president and some of the professors met their guests, and then presented them to the juniors. It was a great privilege for the girls to meet the visitors. In happy little whispers, they would now and then say to one another that they could never forget that afternoon. "Just think! I have been talking to a real live bishop!" "I have met one of the greatest scientists in the country." "A famous poet has been telling me about her girlhood." All their lives these girls would be proud to remember conversations with famous men and women.

One of the prettiest college festivals that I ever saw was the celebration of Tree Day at Wellesley College. About the class-tree seats were arranged upon the greensward. One seat, higher than the rest, was marked by a beautiful purple banner embroidered in gold with the motto and date of the class. This was to be the seat of the class president, or, as it was called, the "Throne of the Princess." Soon the seats were filled by the college students. First came the "specials," who were dressed as gay Japanese girls, in loose robes and big bows bunched behind. How their fans fluttered, and how bright were their parasols! Then followed the sub-freshmen in dark blue, the college color, with daisy girdles.

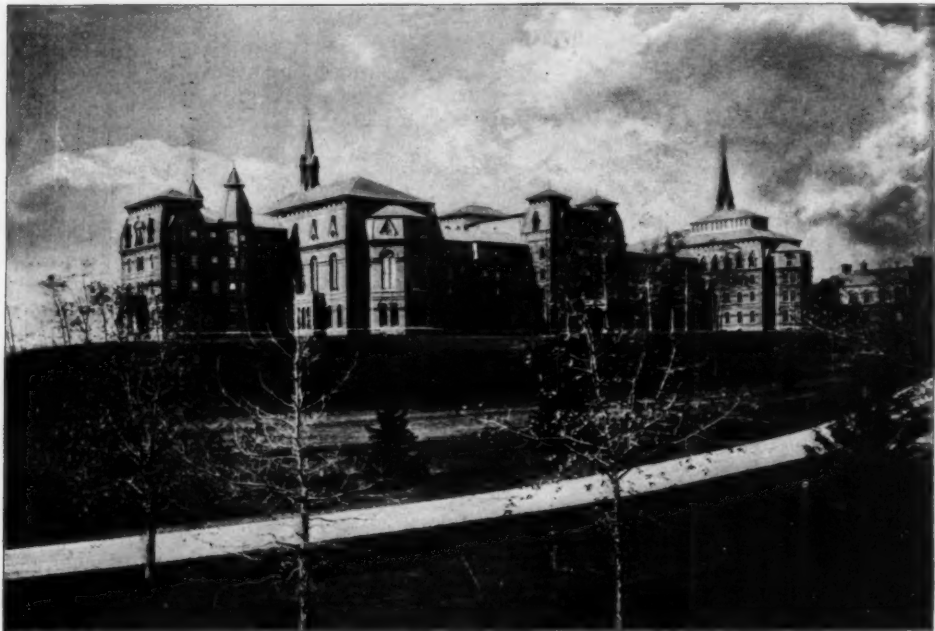
The sophomores appeared as nuns, robed

CLASS GROUP, WELLESLEY COLLEGE.



in black and white, with cords of clover blossoms about the waist. A horn was heard blowing clear over the campus. Soon a merry band of girls in green came running forth at the summons, and this was joined by another band and then another. These were the juniors pretending that they were Robin Hood's famous hunters. The freshman class were Greek maidens, clad in loose, white robes such as Nausicaä wore at that famous game of ball about which all college girls like to read. The

the rôle of Tennyson's "Princess," and would hold court. With much ceremony, gifts were offered, after which speeches were made. I confess that I do not remember all that was said, but there were these words spoken: "We are to give now rather than receive. We are to be, by doing. We are to grow stronger by helping the weak; to grow more courageous by encouraging the faint-hearted; to grow nobler by lifting up one high ideal in the sight of all the world."



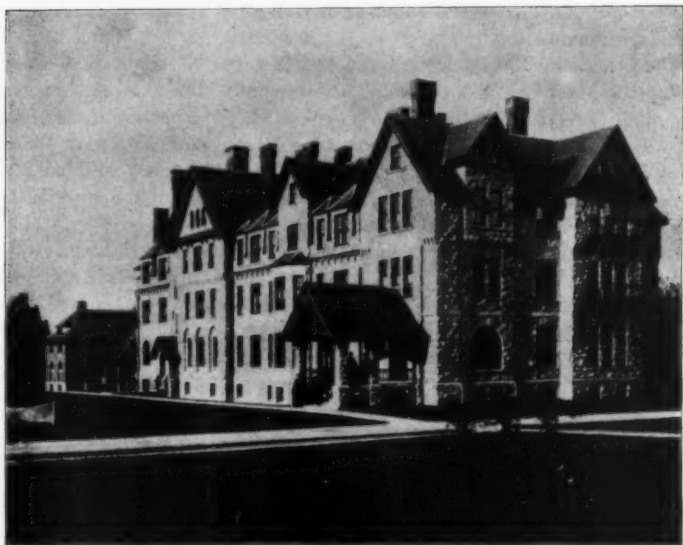
THE MAIN BUILDING, WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

seniors appeared finally, robed in purple gowns and caps, as dignified as one would expect girls to be who are about to say farewell to college days. The senior president seated herself upon the throne. Lively little heralds called the names of the classes, and then the responses came in cheer after cheer of clear, ringing voices,—such hearty college cries of English, Latin, and Greek words and letters dancing together, with one grand end to each cheer — "W-e-l-l-e-s-l-e-y!"

After the tumult had died away, it was announced that the senior president had taken

Farther down the lawn was a newly planted tree for the freshman class; it was only a bundle of twigs with a leaf or two at the top, but the Princess gathered her court about it with as much ceremony as if it had been the noblest oak of the forest. There was again much speech-making, followed by the transfer of a spade from the sophomores to the freshmen. The exercises ended in a graceful dance about the tree. Whatever the court etiquette, there was no doubt that all the girls had a "royal good time."

Nearly all girls' colleges celebrate a Tree Day,



RADNOR HALL, BRYN MAWR.

though not always in fancy dress. Many colleges have other special days which are much enjoyed. Miss M. Carey Thomas, the Dean of Bryn Mawr, writes me of "an annual entertainment offered in the autumn, about the middle of October, by the sophomores to the entering freshman class, in which, with appropriate ceremonies, a lantern is given to each

freshman. This lantern is supposed to light her through the 'group system' of studies! Very soon after, the freshmen invite the sophomores to an entertainment." How much more reasonable is this pleasant greeting from sophomores to freshmen than were the rude hazing customs of old days in young men's colleges!

The day which brings the pleasantest memo-



GENERAL VIEW OF SMITH COLLEGE—FROM THE ROOF OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

ries to Smith College graduates is Mountain Day, celebrated, as its name implies, by drives and walks to the beautiful hills and mountains about Northampton, Massachusetts. A Smith girl tells how the festival is enjoyed every October: "It was the custom, at first, for each class to form an excursion party, but as the classes increased in size, this plan was given up. Now, the students form parties from four to twenty in number. Walking parties are nearly as numerous as the driving parties."

The Annex maidens, who dwell in Cambridge

mers have a custom of sitting up all night, it was evident that something more unusual and even livelier had happened. The pretty recitation-room held odd groups of chairs; Professor Maria Mitchell was a little fatigued, though as witty as ever, and Professor Whitney, who has since taken Professor Mitchell's place, had a manner of pleasant reminiscence, as if she enjoyed "talking things over." I soon learned that a "Dome Party" had been held the day before, given to the junior and senior members of the astronomy department by the professors.



LIBRARY OF HARVARD ANNEX.

near Harvard College, have many clubs. Chief of these are the Idler Club, the English Club, the Music Club and the Glee Club, and the Emmanuel Society. In the pleasant parlors of the Fay House, the home of the Annex, many learned questions are discussed amid light gossip over cups of tea.

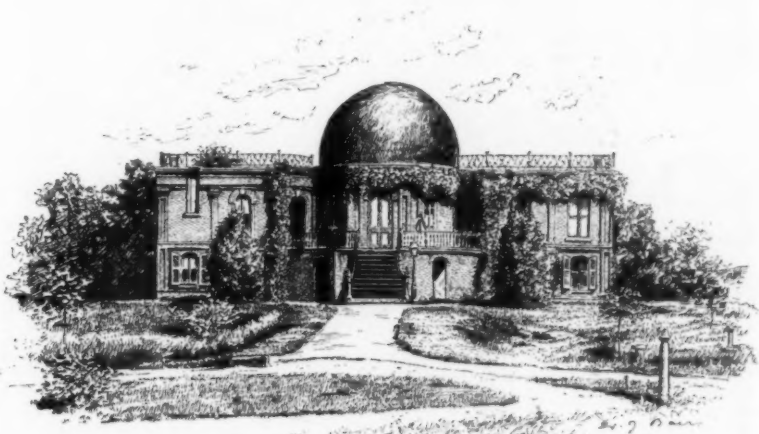
Once, during a visit at Vassar College, in the lovely month of June, I noticed an air of festivity in the little building devoted to the astronomical department. Although astrono-

All who had been fortunate enough to be present were glad to tell how they had been the most envied of mortals.

For several days before the party, an air of preparation had hovered over the Observatory. The guests had been invited to contribute poetical morsels for a feast of original verse, and the professors had had the rapt air of poets. At half-past eight on the eventful morning, juniors and seniors, with faces as bright as the June sunshine, walked eagerly to the Observatory.

There they were welcomed warmly by Professor Mitchell and Miss Whitney, who invited the guests promptly to a breakfast in the dome and the meridian-room. At first there was a hush. The religious dimness of the dome, the

When the breakfast was finished, Professor Mitchell made a little speech in which she said that a literary feast would follow. Then, amid good-humored laughter, each student heard herself praised in poems written by her beloved



THE OBSERVATORY, VASSAR COLLEGE.

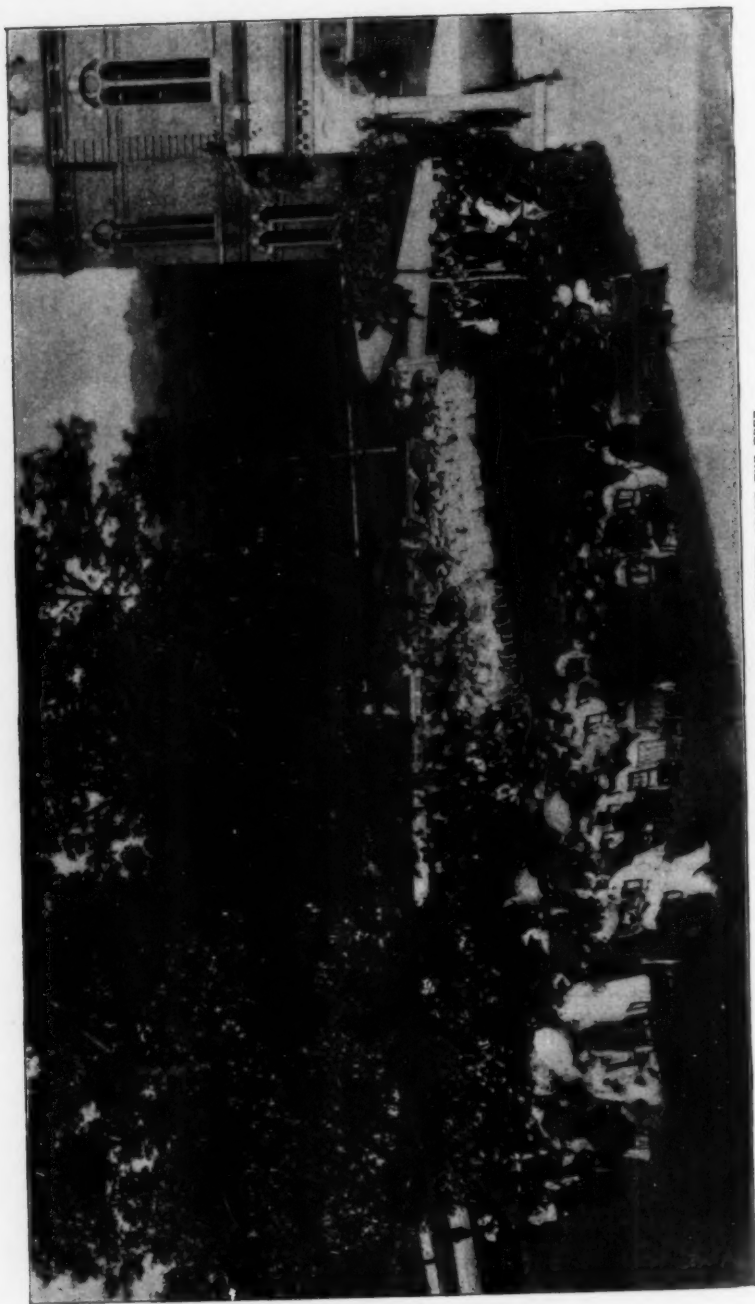
fact that the great telescope was over their heads, and the presence of the distinguished and good woman who was the honored hostess and professor, gave a strangeness to the social festival. But a look at the dainty tables soon dispelled all restraint, and the girls' subdued tones grew louder and more confident, while many merry laughs echoed under the vaulted roof. At the plate of each girl was a bouquet of fresh June roses from Professor Mitchell's garden. How often had the girls proved the beauty of the garden's flowers and the generosity of the giver! Once, when the complaint had come that flowers had been picked in the college gardens, and the students had been reproved, Professor Mitchell had come with a warm-hearted invitation: "My apple-tree is in bloom, girls. Take all the blossoms that you want." These roses, souvenirs of a delightful occasion, would be held more precious than all the college flowers, and would be kept for years in love of her who gave them. Besides the roses, there were strawberries and many delicious viands, well relished by the groups of girls at the little tables.

professors. There were epigrammatic sonnets on those whose names would rhyme, and bright essays on those whose names could not be put in verse by any possibility of twisting and turning. Music varied the poetry, as a choir, seated on the steps by the great telescope, sang songs written for the occasion, and made the dome resound with selections on many kinds of musical instruments.

At the close of a delightful morning came the "Maria Mitchell" song, famous among all Vassar students, ending with the refrain, "Good Woman that She Is!" Although the "Dome Party" still remains a bright festival at the close of the college year, the gracious presence of Maria Mitchell no longer is the inspiring force of the happy day.

The "Dome Party" was called the "Mecca" of the Vassar student in astronomy.

A festival equally unique and famous at Vassar College takes place in the middle of the sophomore year, and celebrates the end of the course in trigonometry. The girls are so glad to be through with this branch of mathematics that they present an original drama or opera



"TREE DAY," WELLESLEY COLLEGE—EXERCISES ABOUT THE TREE.

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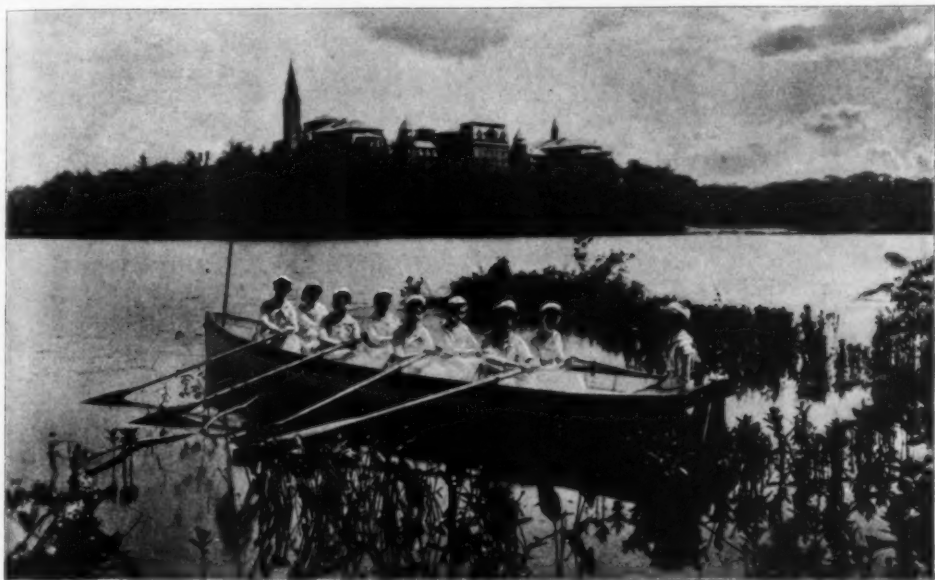


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in which the death of "Trig" is duly noticed. Such a play was the "Mathematikado." "Trig Trig" and "Ayty Ayt" were the chief people in a funny romance. "Bot Ah Nee" carried on a philosophical courtship, and "Three Little Ayty Nines" were dear little maids at school. A glimpse of college life is given in a song describing the offenders "who never would be missed":

ing to learn what girls, far from their homes in quiet college walls, did for costumes. Those who acted men's parts wore men's coats over short velvet skirts, and looked as boyish as possible. "Dr. Faustus," in the play written for the ceremonies, was a tall girl with a deep voice, and she looked stately and dignified in a student's gown bordered with fur, and in a becoming cap. The bad angels wore pink gauze with



A CREW AT WELLESLEY.

There 's the pestilential nuisances who did n't come
for work,
Who cut their classes every one, and all their duties
shirk;

All tender invalid students who half their classes miss;
All persons who, in taking ex., take exercise like this;
All friendly ones whose lengthy calls we hardly dare
resist,—

They 'd none of 'em be missed—they 'd none of
'em be missed.

All girls who speak so low in class you can't hear
what they say;

All who propositions twist, I 've got 'em on the list;
All girls who bring their shawls to class, yet shiver
every day,—

They never would be missed—they never would be
missed.

On one occasion, a long dramatic piece
called "Dr. Faustus" was given. It is interest-

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pink wings, and the good angels wore white gauze with white wings, and nobody could tell which were prettier. "Algebra," an important personage, wore black embroidered with white algebraic signs, with $x y z$ and their equations. "Geometry's" black gown was ornamented with white geometrical figures—squares and circles. There were many harrowing scenes in "Dr. Faustus," and the audience was duly terrified, except when the thunder (immense dumb-bells), came rolling across the stage, and every one laughed.

The Philaethean Society at Vassar is a source of delightful social life, and its various Chapters are active in literary, dramatic, and other exercises.

The festivals about which I have told you,

take place on dry land, but there is a fête celebrated on the water, which is one of the loveliest of all. It is the "Float Day" of Wellesley College. Each class has a boat-crew distinguished by a picturesque uniform. At about seven o'clock in the evening, the crews march down the college steps and across the lawn to the

As it grows dark, lanterns are lighted round the lake, and calcium lights illumine the courses of the boats. Soon two boats shoot out from the circle, and the cry is heard: "A race! '91! '93! '93! '91!" Then again there is quiet, and over the water comes the sweet song: "Good night!"

At all colleges, the great festival of the year



DANCE OF IMPS IN THE PLAY CELEBRATING THE COMPLETION OF TRIGONOMETRY BY A CLASS IN VASSAR COLLEGE.

lake. They then take their places, one by one, in the boats, and as they pull off from shore, each crew gives its yell. A star and circle are formed by the boats upon the lake, and then comes the college cheer, which, as one girl says, "is echoed in the heart of every Wellesley student, and is rivaled only by the frogs." With sweet music on the water, the crews enchant all their hearers. A song, called "I Doubt It," has a popular college version, of which the following is a stanza:

If you were a freshman, and plied a great oar
Which had nothing spoony about it,
Do you think you would row like a practised senior?
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

is Commencement, when the seniors receive the approval of the college at the end of an honorable course of study. Even the pretty new gowns, or the caps and gowns which are worn at Bryn Mawr, fail to take away the sadness of this occasion. The festival is as stately as possible. The baccalaureate sermon first teaches the graduating class the solemnity of the Commencement time, and charges all who go forth into the world to hold fast to the pursuit of what is noblest, highest, and best. Then comes the Commencement concert, and finally the great day upon which degrees are conferred. The Doxology is sung with fervor, but there

are tears in the eyes of many of the graduates, for they realize that in the world festivals may be hardly earned, and must be very different from the careless, happy days at college.

Much might be said of the smaller parties which cannot be described under the name of "festival," yet which are enjoyed by the students even more than the larger and more elaborate entertainments. In one week of October there were at Smith College a sophomore reception, which "went off in a blaze of

lights, banners, and pretty costumes," a musicale, and a large number of Hallowe'en parties, masquerades, germans, and flower-parties. Other colleges have many bright evenings of



CORNER OF A STUDENT'S ROOM AT BRYN MAWR.

recreation, about which you would like to hear, perhaps; but some day you will enjoy them for yourselves, after passing those dreaded entrance examinations.

RAIN.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

It'll rain! It'll rain!

Says the peacock's shrill refrain,
Ere the heaven shows for sign
E'en a single leaden line.

See! a silvery shudder now
Runs along the poplar bough,
And recurrent ripples pass
O'er the reaches of the grass.
Low the swallows circle over
Rosy fields of scented clover;
Willows whiten in the lane—

It'll rain! It'll rain!

It'll rain! It'll rain!

Watch the shifting weather-vane
Veering from its dreams of drouth
Toward the veiled and showery south!
Now the eye of day is hid
Underneath a lowering lid,
And the heaven feels the lash
Of a goading lightning-flash.
Peals a bell with soft insistence
Clearly down the darkening distance,
And the peacock cries again—

It'll rain! It'll rain!

SAIDIE'S FLOWERS.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCH.

EVERY morning through the summer,
From her little garden spot,
Saidie brings me pretty clusters
Of the flower forget-me-not.

But the name seems hard to Saidie,
Or does not her fancy please,
For she always says: "Good morning!
Here are some *remember me's*."

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY MARIAN GEHRING.



BOOM, boom, boom,
boom, from the bass-
drums. R-r-r-r-rat-a-
tat-tat, rolled the
snares. Crash! from
the whole great mili-
tary band; and the
long lines of blue-un-
iformed Swiss soldiers
swung in fours through

the narrow streets of Lucerne, and climbed the hill leading to their daily parade-ground, where the mountains stand forever on guard over the lovely blue lake below.

The music beat against the mountains, was echoed from the city's broken walls, and floated upward to the houses on the hill, till suddenly the sound reached an open casement window and acted as an electric battery upon a boy of eleven years, who was lying stretched upon a couch, with his head buried in a magazine.

A bound from the sofa was the response to the musical message. A bewildered whirl around for his cap, a rush from the room, a clattering assault of the stairs,—five minutes later a downward plunge, and there shot from the door an elastic figure in dark blue. The boy had a clanking sword at his side, a cartridge-box strapped upon his back, and a pistol in the leather belt. In his right hand was an air-gun, the staff of a small American flag was in his

left, and a soldier's cap upon his round, blond head, which was carried with military erectness.

This much-accountered figure made its way up a steep path, through a gap in a wall, leaped a low fence, squeezed through a narrow opening in the hedge, and found itself in the rear of a gray, stone villa, which with closed blinds stood quite vacant and deserted, high above the lovely little city clinging to the shores of Lake Lucerne.

The paths were overrun, the shrubbery neglected; but the flying feet were not impeded by the tangled grasses on the unshorn lawn, and made their way quickly to a strip of greensward close beside a wall which barred the encroachments of neighboring invaders.

Upon the other side, Swiss regiments were quickly forming into position for their daily drill. Mounted officers galloped over the field, officers upon foot with waving swords were marshaling their men, the band stood in readiness for the bugle-calls, and the daily discipline had begun.

On the villa side of the wall the American flag had been carefully given into the charge of a small tree—as standard-bearer; the gun, cartridge-box, and pistol had been deposited beside a great ivy-grown rock; and a gallant boy-officer, with lifted sword, was drilling an imaginary company, with the aid of constant glances at the other drill over the wall.

The sun crept high in the heavens, and the long, monotonous din of drilling went on and on, through one of the summer's hottest days.

The men's faces were flushed and expressionless; the officers' brisk movements were evidently conscious efforts. But on the further side of the wall, though the boy-soldier's pink cheeks became crimson and perspiration had reduced the linen collar to abjectness, spirit and courage held the day, and military discipline was being rigidly maintained.

A group of officers suddenly came upon the field, making their way where a clump of trees against the wall cast a welcome shadow. The trees also concealed their approach from the patient little soldier, who was at that moment, with desperate stiffness of bearing, going through the manual in unison with the glittering line of soldiers just beyond.

The group suddenly stopped as they came upon the little figure, which presented to their eyes a very comical appearance. The commanding officer, with a warning gesture of silence, stepped quietly from behind the trees, and as the boy wheeled, facing the wall, he was met by the most astounding situation of his life; for there stood the colonel of his favorite regiment and a whole group of officers, in shining uniforms, looking sternly down upon him.

His hand went instinctively to his cap, in the long-practised military salute, and in a dizzy whirl of proud rapture, which turned his crimson cheeks pale for a moment, he saw his salute gravely returned!

"Halt!" exclaimed the colonel, in German.

The little figure stood motionless in soldierly attention.

"*Zu welchem Regiment?*"* came from the gray mustache, and with the intoxication of this bewildering experience thrilling every nerve, there came in quick response from hurried lips:

"I—I am—an American citizen!"

The colonel coughed violently as he beckoned his officers nearer, saying in excellent English:

"What then have we here? Is America sending her citizens to learn our military tactics behind walls? Sometimes we call such people spies. Do you know what happens to spies?"

* "Of what regiment?" † "Indeed!" ‡ "Very good."

The boy stood very erect, with tightly compressed lips, but replied fearlessly:

"You shoot them. I have drilled here with your regiment three weeks!"

"*Ach so!*"† ejaculated the colonel gravely. "A bad case! Shall we shoot him on the spot, or court-martial him?"

"Put him through the manual," suggested an officer, whose laughing eyes sent a reassuring message to the boy's wide-open and somewhat startled gaze.

"*Sehr gut,*"‡ assented the colonel. "Attention!"

The boy grew cold with apprehension. He felt, for the moment, that shooting would have been a merciful plan in comparison. Then something within him, perhaps a drop of inherited courage from heroes of his race, rose to rescue him from entire humiliation. Placing himself in position, he gritted his teeth, and with a cold moisture stealing on his brow, held himself in readiness for the commands.

A nightgown drill with a walking-stick in a soldier-uncle's bedroom in far-away New England, coupled with an unusual aptitude for all things military, had produced quite remarkable results under the three weeks' drill; and the officers, at first merely amused, became deeply interested in seeing how much accurate knowledge had been retained by the mind of so young a boy.

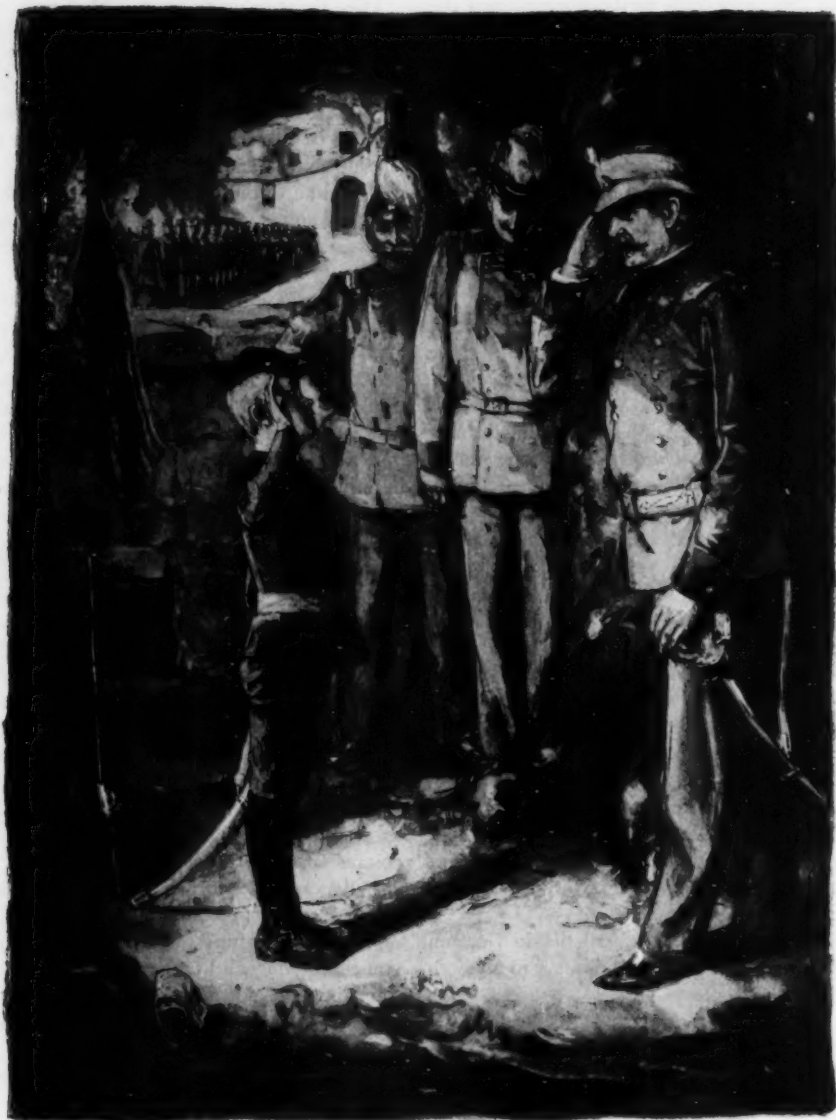
"*Ach!* I wish half my company would listen as well," growled a young captain; and the colonel's face forgot to be military, and grew fatherly, and the drill closed with a hearty salute from the officers.

"Well, my young American citizen, I suppose you think you will bear arms for your country some time?" said the colonel, leaning upon the wall and drawing the boy kindly toward him.

"I hope so," replied the boy; "we have only a very little regular army; and I try to learn all I can over here so I can go right ahead when the time comes."

"Well, what do you mean by keeping so few soldiers ready to defend your country? What would you Americans do if a great force should come over to fight with you?"

"Why, *beat 'em*—as we've *always* done," replied the boy, serenely.



"THE DRILL CLOSED WITH A HEARTY SALUTE."

A mighty laugh gurgled and rumbled under the big mustaches. The bugle sounded, and as the colonel turned away he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying solemnly, "I promote you to the position of Chief American Citizen in my regiment."

No honor was ever more proudly borne! The initials "C. A. C." were braided upon the breast of the small blue jacket by an indulgent mother, and few days passed during the long, happy summer without the faithful drill behind the wall.

As they rode from the parade-ground, the colonel and the group of officers learned to expect the parting dip of the American flag from the little color-bearer stationed at the gateway, and they never failed to respond with a grave salute.— Chief American Citizen in a Swiss regiment was indeed an unparalleled honor.

A week after that day of days, when the C. A. C.—as he preferred to be called—went leaping through the hedge, as usual, he nearly fell into the arms of the very tallest and largest lady he had ever seen. His first thought was of a possible giantess; his second, of his cap, which flew briskly off as he begged her pardon in very boyish German.

"*Ein Soldat!*"* ejaculated the lady, with a smile of growing amusement, as she viewed him from head to foot.

"*Ja, Madame,*"† he murmured confusedly, seeing suddenly that the closed villa had come to life. Windows and doors were wide open, draperies were fluttering, rugs and couches were vigorously beaten by a busy group of servants. A gardener was attending the lady, as she overlooked her neglected premises, when the sudden apparition of the little soldier startled her from her peaceful mood.

The invader looked up at the imposing figure before him with a sudden choking in the throat, realizing that he no longer had any right in the beloved old garden; and,

with a murmured apology, he was turning to retreat when the lady spoke again with such a winning kindness that, gazing into the gentle,

face, he quite forgot his embarrassment. By her questionings she soon drew from him the use he had made of her grounds; and he was soon eagerly telling about his promotion, and the great necessity of keeping up his drill, lest the colonel should think him ungrateful, or maybe even a deserter.

The conversation was a long one, for she led him upon the piazza, and the situation was discussed over a dainty luncheon of *Kuchen*‡—a conversation begun on one side in imperfect German, and ending on the other in imperfect English, but through which a perfect understanding was secured; and after his name



"THE SITUATION WAS DISCUSSED OVER A DAINY LUNCHEON."

and residence were ascertained, he was dismissed with the promise that his privileges should not be withdrawn if he would consider

* "A soldier!"

† "Yes, ma'am."

‡ Cakes.

himself detailed as "special guard" over the lady's premises.

But when, as he was just ready to bound from the steps with an unburdened heart, a servant addressed his companion as *Baroninn*, he felt as though the world brimmed over with surprises, and fell a-wondering, as he turned homeward, if a baroness were of that size, what must a queen be like!

From that hour the great lady had a devoted sentinel. Stray dogs, cats, and urchins were driven from the newly cleaned lawn at the point of the sword. Visitors at the villa were curiously amused at the sudden appearance, now and then, of a pygmy "guard" at the baroness's gateway. Upon seeing her at her morning coffee on the piazza, he always appeared to receive the orders for the day; and the lonely, childless old lady, whose heart lay buried in a soldier's grave, found her days brightened by entering heartily into this vividly enacted child-experience.

They held long military discussions; the situation in Germany was carefully reviewed; and when the baroness told the lad of her only son's gallant death at Sedan,—of how he had fallen in ignorance that the hour of Germany's triumph had come,—the boy felt that he had almost been there himself, and shaken the old Kaiser's hand!

And then it happened one day that a chance came really to serve his gracious lady. It came in this way. The baroness often wore in the garden on afternoons a very beautiful and costly shawl, dear to her as the last gift from the ever-mourned hero of Sedan.

As she rose hastily one day to return to the house, it had softly fallen to the back of her chair in the arbor, and was lying there quite forgotten.

The C. A. C., book in hand, but, as usual, with his soldier's cap and sword, reclined on the grass in a favorite nook near by, where low-hanging branches quite concealed him from view. Suddenly he heard voices, and peering under the branches, saw two villainous heads rising above the wall. He saw them quickly duck down, cautiously rise, and go down again, while a muttered conference went on.

Suddenly, one fellow leaped the wall, and

lying flat on the ground, wormed his way toward the shawl, whose beautiful folds draped from the chair promised a valuable prize to the rogues.

The watcher under the trees, leaning far forward, following the thief's movements, suddenly saw the object of the stealthy advance, and his heart stood still. He knew the shawl's history, and how dear it was to his kind friend the baroness.

What should he do? Could he reach the house and return with help before it would be gone? Such a little boy! Two such ugly-looking thieves!

The man's hand was already outstretched to grasp the booty. *Something* must be done. Creeping softly from beneath the branches, the little fellow suddenly drew his sword from its scabbard, and leaping high in the air, crashed the screening branches with the shining blade, shouting with all the force and gruffness he could command:

"Hi, there!"

"*Das Militär! Das Militär!*"* screamed the startled rogue, scrambling to his feet as he caught a flash of the gleaming blade and heard the clank of the dangling scabbard.

Running desperately to the wall, he threw himself headlong over it, scrambled frantically upon his feet, and dashed after his already flying comrade in a frantic retreat across the parade-ground. The shouts and crashing of branches followed them as they ran with every nerve strained to escape the armed force they felt in hot pursuit. In one convulsive backward look, to see if escape was wholly hopeless, they saw a sight that suddenly arrested their desperate flight, and caused a torrent of abuse to pour forth in deepest gutturals; for there, perched upon the wall, waving his sword in frantic triumph, dancing in a perfect frenzy of delight, and shouting: "*Das Militär! Das Militär!*" with peals of derisive laughter—stood their small outwitted!

They gave one lurch toward him, as though to resume their attempt; then, shaking their fists with vengeful emphasis, slouched quickly down a narrow alley leading into the lower city. A moment later the boy victor, with quickened breath and very red cheeks, after

* "The soldiers! The soldiers!"

vainly trying to fold the rescued shawl, proudly marched across the lawn, up the steps of the villa, and directly into the baroness's presence. After telling his story, which was received with a burst of German ejaculations, fervent hand-claspings, and head-shakings, he presented the rescued trophy, with a grave salute, as "the spoils of war."

The entrance from the glare of the sunshine into the baroness's shaded parlors, coupled with his intense excitement, made the eager boy overlook the fact that his hostess was not alone.

After warmly thanking him for the service, and heartily praising his courage and presence of mind, she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and walked beside him down the long room, saying:

"Captain Enderby, allow me to present my 'special guard.' *Mein junger Freund*, George Bourne Ainsworth, *von Amerika*." *

A tall figure rose from a deep lounging-chair in the soft gloom, a fine soldierly-looking old man, with white hair, and a thin, dark face, who extended his hand to the lad with kind cordiality.

"Captain Enderby," continued the gracious hostess, "was for many years in her Majesty's service in India."

"So that's what they call an Anglo-Indian," thought the boy, with visions of elephant- and tiger-hunts whirling through his brain. He placed his hand in the extended one, and looked wonderingly up into the benignant face.

The old soldier, who had been an amused and interested listener to the dramatically re-

lated adventure, kept the boy's hand in his, and drawing him beside his chair asked how an American boy could leave his republic to come among the kingdoms of Europe.

"It *was* hard," George admitted, "but I don't mind being in Switzerland, because it's an older republic than ours, anyway. But I was very glad we came over in a German steamer, for I don't wish to see England till we have a bigger navy."

"Why—is n't your navy a first-class one?" asked the old officer, with a twinkle in his eyes.

George looked at him with a touch of suspicion. The small size of the American navy compared with England's was a source of deep mortification to the C. A. C., and he was almost sure he was being laughed at,—but he answered respectfully:



THE "SPECIAL GUARD" SAVES THE BARONESS'S SHAWL.

* My young friend from America.

"Perhaps we don't need a large navy, because we can always do *our* beatings on the land."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old man. "Are you quite sure you are not one of General Gage's troublesome Boston boys left over from the last century? Come here, Alice, and make the acquaintance of an American boy, who evidently knows about some differences of opinion of a hundred years ago."

And then there entered, through a swept-aside portière, the very loveliest young lady George had ever seen. She was slender and very graceful, with lovely dark eyes and reddish brown hair; and as she came sweeping forward in her soft lace dress, and placing her hand upon the old man's arm, said gently, "I shall be very happy, Grandpapa, to know an American boy," George felt that if they should tell him she was an angel, it would n't seem very surprising in this mysterious house, which already held a baroness and an Anglo-Indian officer!

He did n't say that, however, but clicked his heels into soldierly precision, and bowed low.

After the young lady had heard the story from her grateful hostess, she said, very sweetly:

"If I am to be honored by living in a house with such a brave 'special guard,' I cannot allow his deeds of valor to go unrewarded. I bestow upon you my own private mark of honor"; and, drawing a beautiful rose from the

soft laces upon her corsage, she pinned it on his jacket with a tiny silver arrow, saying, as she snapped the pin:

"There! I never give flowers I've *worn*—unless my whole heart goes with them!"

Ah, Alice, Alice Enderby! little did you think that those lightly-spoken words of yours



"I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY, GRANDPAPA, TO KNOW AN AMERICAN BOY."

were soon to become the key to a great situation!

Very rosy, very erect, and very proud was the figure in blue bearing on its breast the decorations of bravery and beauty, as it walked

across the lawn with a soldierly swing which broke into a run as it neared the *pension** in which the father and mother of this distinguished American citizen had found a delightful summer-home. The run became a wild gallop as, seeing the good *Fräulein* busy among her roses, he rushed to tell her the wonderful adventure of the day.

This delightful Swiss landlady, of excellent family, and finely educated, was an old friend of the baroness who owned the neighboring villa; and, having been greatly pleased at the baroness's kindness in allowing her grounds to be used as the boy's parade-ground, she was now vastly proud that the favor had so soon and gallantly been returned.

George was the only child in the house, and he had quite won her heart by boyish kindness and attentions; so she warmly entered into his various absorbing interests, which from time to time arose and claimed attention. The latest were the plans to be made for the celebration of the coming Fourth of July—the day of days for an American boy.

It so happened, as things sometimes do in this world of ours, that George's papa joined forces with his country, and had a common birthday! George thought his father very lucky to have been born on the national holiday. To celebrate these two events properly had been the greatest yearly event in the boy's life before leaving America.

George had foreseen difficulties in the way, when thinking of how he should celebrate the day in a foreign land, and with foreigners all about him; but until the rose was pinned upon his breast by those fair English hands, nothing had seemed wholly insurmountable. Now he pondered deeply over the matter, grew silent and abstracted, ceased to speak of the coming event, and as he saw Miss Enderby daily, growing more and more charmed with her winning kindness, it grew impossible to think of celebrating the Independence of America next door to that vision of English loveliness.

But what would papa think if his birthday was deprived of its triumphant character? So, moodily pondering these perplexing questions, George sat one day with his arms resting on the balcony railing and his eyes hardly seeing

the exquisite panorama of mountain and lake. There the kind Swiss landlady found him when, having in vain questioned the boy's father and mother as to the sudden loss of enthusiasm over the rapidly approaching day of celebration, she had resolved to ask George himself about it.

As to a fellow-citizen of a sister republic, he confided to her his conflicting views of his duty, with such earnestness that her smothered laugh was changed into an expression of tenderness; but she had only time to say, "You dear, thoughtful boy!" before a maid called her into the house. An hour later, however, her best bonnet was seen nodding dramatically in the parlor of the villa, and her kind old face under it was full of mirth and mystery as she parted from the ladies at the door, who seemed equally amused and interested.

An earnest consultation with Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth followed this visit at the villa, but nothing further was said in George's moody presence about the coming, long anticipated, but now deeply shadowed event.

The morning of the Fourth dawned upon a city which, but for the American flags floating here and there, gave no sign that across the sea millions of human beings were joyously celebrating their holiday.

George lounged down through the garden; he had almost decided to "cut" drill, take his story-book, and go off in the woods, as the most absorbing occupation he could devise, when Mr. Ainsworth came suddenly around the corner of the path leading up from the city. Upon seeing his son, he instantly drew back; but it was too late.

"Papa!" exclaimed George, reproachfully, "fire-crackers, when I have n't asked for one!" He lowered his voice, and pointing at the villa continued in an explanatory and warning whisper, "*British*,—over there!"

"To be sure!" ejaculated his father, stepping back with a pretended expression of surprise. "Well, we can save them for next year."

"But you are quite sure you don't mind about your birthday, Papa!" he anxiously asked, twisting one arm affectionately within his father's.

"Of course not," answered his father gravely.

* Boarding-house.

"Delicate consideration for the conquered is the only position a generous victor can take."

George heaved a deep sigh of relief. "Supposing," his father continued, "we celebrate the day by going in a rowboat, with an American flag at the prow, down the lake to 'Tell's Chapel,' lunch at the restaurant, and get back about five to-night?"

That plan seemed to fit the spirit of the day to perfection, and the smiling mother and relieved landlady watched them off with mysterious nods and smiles. As they turned the corner Mrs. Ainsworth called down:

"Five o'clock then?"

"To the minute," replied her husband, with a backward and meaning wave of the hand.

The afternoon shadows were falling across the lake, and the mountains were of a deeper blue, when the two "celebrators," as George had joyfully called his father and himself, toiled up the hill at the close of that long, happy summer's day.

It had been a great success — this patriotic pilgrimage to the very rock upon which the beloved though uncertain William leaped from the tyrant's boat.

George's mother met him at the door and urged him to hurry and dress for dinner, and he was too much absorbed in telling her of the day's events to notice her extra care over his appearance; but he did exclaim with delight when he found that the cherished initials were fastened upon his very best suit.

And when he saw a knot of red, white, and blue ribbon nestled in the laces of his mother's corsage, he gave a little bound of delight, exclaiming:

"Ah, that 's fine! No one could expect us to act as though we were *ashamed* of the day, could they, Mama?" and he pranced up before the long mirror, gazing with great pride at the combination of military and civilian attire reflected therein.

"Papa! where did you get that?" suddenly rushing up to his father, whose coat-lapel bore a tiny American flag.

A tap at the door, and in rustled Fräulein, resplendent in her very best dress; and, behold, she wore a tiny Swiss flag!

"I think we are quite ready," she remarked, taking George's arm, which he gallantly held at its highest possible angle; and followed by Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth they slowly marched from the house, to the melody of "Yankee Doodle" softly whistled by papa, across the street, and up the driveway to the villa.

By the time they were at the gateway, George surely knew that something delightful was happening, but was determined to maintain a soldierly composure. His friends proved too much for him, however, and his Spartan bearing was broken by a wholly unmilitary bound in the air, as rounding a great clump of shrubbery he saw a sight that at once made him forget the lady on his arm, the initials on his breast, and ejaculate:

"Great Scott!"

For there stood the pavilion-like summer-house, one lovely expression of American patriotism!

Red, white, and blue buntings wreathed its pillars and festooned its sides. Little American and Swiss flags made a fluttering fringe from its cornice, and from its pointed roof floated a lovely silk "Flag of our Country."

The baroness, the lovely English "angel" and her grandfather, together with a strange gentleman, tall, dark, and handsome, stood in a little group at one side, and moved forward to greet the approaching guests.

George could never remember what he said or did the next few minutes. The baroness seemed dressed in the American flag, and the "angel" to float up and down in a white cloud, waving flowers; but what he really saw was the knot of national colors on the baroness's bosom, and Miss Alice in a lovely white dress, with roses and forget-me-nots on her corsage, for the colors of the day.

Then he saw that a beautifully bedecked tea-table was standing in the pavilion, toward which the baroness soon led them.

George observed, with some uncalled-for indignation, that when seated at Miss Enderby's side, the French gentleman at her other side wholly claimed the lady's attention, and the boy was mentally arguing the justice of the situation after this fashion: "Let 's see him give up his Fourth of July for her, as I s'posed

"I was doing!" when the beautiful being at his side turned to him, and said:

"I hope you see I am wearing your colors very gladly to-day," pointing to the flowers upon her bosom—"as gladly as I hope you wore mine lately as a medal."

"How did she find out about it?" wondered the boy.

"But," she continued, "there are so many things about America I cannot understand: for instance, why do you have so many Georges in America when you told George the Third you would much rather 'play alone'?"

You are a George, and so is your father. It really seems to me you must rather have liked the old king, after all, to keep his name," said the mischievous girl, who expected to draw fire.

The words seemed fairly to tumble over one another as the boy eagerly replied: "George *Washington*, Miss Enderby! not George the Third. All our Georges have *Washingtons understood* in their names. Don't you see?"

"Of course! How stupid of me!" she replied. "So when

I think of *you*, it must always be as George (*Washington understood*)

Bourne Ainsworth. Is that it?" looking at him with admirable gravity.

"Yes," replied the boy, with twinkling eyes; "just the same as when

an English lady is named Victoria, she really is Miss Victoria (*Guelf understood*) Brown; or when a German boy is named Wilhelm, you must always *think* of him as Wilhelm (*Hohenzollern*) Schmidt. That's the way it's done,"



"THE PAVILION-LIKE SUMMER-HOUSE WAS ONE LOVELY EXPRESSION OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM."

"I've got it in a box," was the answer, at which the lady laughed merrily.

"I see you value your rewards of merit," she went on. "I am *very* glad to be one of those helping in this double birthday celebration."

he explained, bursting into a hearty boyish laugh in which his companion joined.

"I hear you think the English navy *ought* to be large, so as to be ready to pick us out of the water when we fall off our little island," said the old Indian officer.

George blushed furiously, and looked reproachfully at the landlady, to whom he had once confided that humorous theory. The old man went on.

"You and I must discuss that matter some day, my boy; I can't let American citizens get false impressions to take back to their native land," and lifting the glass of lemonade, which did duty for wine at this American banquet, the old Indian officer rose slowly, and standing very erect, said:

"I propose the health and happiness of the whole world!"

All sprang to their feet, glasses were raised, merrily clinked, and lifted to their lips.

Then the baroness followed with:

"To the brave of every country!" which was gravely received with the thought in every heart of the hero of Sedan.

The Swiss Fräulein next spoke, and said:

"The *old* republic"—waving her tiny flag with the Maltese cross—"salutes her younger sister!" which was received with tumultuous applause.

Miss Enderby, with a roguish glance at George, raised her glass, saying:

"I drink to the reign of the two American Georges—Washington understood!" which was received with a burst of laughter.

Last of all, the gentleman beside Miss Enderby held his glass high, and speaking with a marked French accent, proposed that all should drink to the future prosperity of "the Chief American Citizen of the Swiss Regiment," and all broke into a gay little cheer.

George's cheeks were very red, but he made a creditable bow in response, and was much relieved when these unwonted table ceremonies were ended, and they strolled out upon the lovely lawn to watch the glow fade from the mountains and the cold gray blue steal over their majestic crags.

The evening shadows were falling as they finally adjourned to the piazza, when the old

man drew the child beside him, telling him such wonderful stories of life in India that George did not see that while the other ladies chatted together, the young English girl strolled across the lawn attended by the French stranger, and was lost in the shrub-bordered walks, nor that his father had disappeared.

The darkness fell in soft gloom, but the balmy air charmed all into content, and no one cared to enter the house. George, keyed to the highest pitch of excitement, was helping the old soldier kill a tiger in a jungle, when—whizz, whir-r-r!—a rocket hissed over their heads, leaving a lovely golden shower to flutter down and slowly disappear in the darkness.

George sprang to his feet with a shout, and like a shot was off across the lawn to help solve the mystery of those forgotten packages—when he stopped short.

Just before him stood Miss Enderby and Monsieur Videaux. They had not heard his light step on the soft turf, and these two sentences were spoken in his hearing:

"Miss Alice, do you think you could be converted from the monarchical system and learn to love a republican of France?" asked Monsieur Videaux very eagerly.

"I think it would depend entirely upon—the republican," Miss Enderby replied hesitatingly.

By that time George was beside them, and was passing by, when his quick eye took note of a transfer which had been made since he was last in their presence.

The roses then worn on Miss Enderby's dress now decorated the lapel of Monsieur Videaux's coat.

A great wave of injured disappointment surged high in the boy's heart, and, borne on its crest, he was swept quite beyond his own control, and impulsively burst forth with:

"Oh, Miss Alice! you said you never gave any one your very own flowers to wear, *unless your whole heart went with them!*"—and then dashed off like a human rocket, leaving a long trail of consequences following this explosion.

An hour later, as the guests were taking leave, and George was enthusiastically thanking one and all for "the very gloriousest Fourth" he had ever had, he was probably

the least mystified of all the party at an unexpected burst of grateful appreciation from Monsieur Videaux, who, standing beside him with Miss Enderby's hand resting upon his arm,

bent his tall figure to shake George's hand with great warmth, and said with emphasis:

"I shall all my life be deeply grateful for ze assistance of — an American Citizen."



His shaggy coat must make the bear
In winter time as warm as toast,
But when the spring is in the air
Why I should think he'd simply ROAST.



THE WHITE CAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT DINGO PACK.

It seemed to Ned Wentworth as if the cave-man vanished, so suddenly did he disappear among the shadows, after his warning. Ned's own idea, however, was that Beard had not at all exaggerated the peril they were in. When he took out the bark door, to go in, it occurred to him that the ground in front of it was plainly foot-marked.

"That 's dangerous," he said to himself. "All of us but Beard wear boots and shoes and leave tracks. There will be a regular path made, and the blackfellows will find it. We must get away from this place before they do; so must Beard. I don't think he is crazy exactly, but then he is the queerest kind of fellow. I wonder if he has n't been a convict?"

Meanwhile Ned pushed along through the burrow.

Suddenly there came a low growl, very close to his face.

"Why, Yip!" exclaimed Ned, "I hope you and the other dogs remember me!"

The dogs did remember him, for the growl was followed by whines of eager welcome. All the rest were sleeping soundly.

"I 'll go to sleep, too," said Ned. "I am glad I did n't waken them."

He put more wood on the fire, and lay down near the other sleepers, and the dogs also lay down again.

All were asleep there, but not everybody under that mountain-side was asleep.

The cave-man was then in a kind of cellar, with a flaring torch in his hand, looking down at something on the floor. It was not a large room, and it was ruggedly irregular, with no entrance to be seen excepting a wide opening

at the top. On its flat rock floor lay rows and rows of just such little bars of yellowish metal as he had cast at his fireplace with his crucible and his sand-molds.

"They 're all pure gold!" he said aloud. "Heaps of it! But of what use is it, to me or anybody else? I took pleasure in gathering it. There was danger, too, and plenty of good, hard work. It kept me busy, and I used to dream of ways to get out into the world and spend it."

He was silent for a little, and then he went on talking to himself.

"It is of no use. I see how it is. I shall never get out of the bush. I must stay here. Perhaps I can save them, out there. Perhaps not. There are almost too many robbers and blackfellows, and I don't see exactly how to dodge them all."

He continued to stare at his ingots and to consider their possible uses.

"If I could get out into the world," he said, "and carry them with me, I could have houses, and lands, and friends, and have a home again, and not live and die like a wolf or a savage. Burrowing in a cave, like an animal, with nobody but wild beasts and cannibals for neighbors!—and yet, for all that, I am a very, very rich man!"

He said the last words slowly and sarcastically, while he turned over some of his ingots with his foot.

He turned away from the ingots, clambered up through the hole at the top of the cellar, and the light of his torch showed that he was in one of the many wide cracks of that honeycombed limestone rock. He walked along as if he were thinking.

At length he said, "I 'll let them all sleep until they wake of themselves. They were all up late, and they need a long rest. They have plenty of hard work before them. I would better

go and water the horses. They will have work enough to do before they get to the Grampians — if they ever reach there."

sociable, and love company. And, anyhow, it must be almost daylight now."

He went and took a look at the sleepers

The passage he was in led into the main cave not far from the chasm. He left his torch there, and the dogs paid no attention to him when he came noiselessly to get the tin kettle. Yip and his two friends knew it was his kettle, and that he was the man of the house.

Beard poured some water down in a hollow of the rock for the dogs to lap, and then he went out. Next he went up the long, swaying ladder, almost as easily as a sailor climbs into the rigging.

Though fastened at each end, above and below, it was loose, and it swayed about in the half darkness left by his torchlight. Close at hand was the yawning chasm, full of the roar of the torrent below, and few would have dared go up or down. Beard did not seem to mind it, but went up and down several times to bring water. Each time he came up, he was absent for a while. He must have visited the horses, for at last he remarked:

"There! They will get along well enough,

now I've herded them together. And they can be found, too, when they're needed. They won't wander away from one another. Horses are

in the cave, and he gazed long and earnestly at them, but said nothing. He stepped lightly past them, and soon returned with a rifle. He



"THEY'RE ALL PURE GOLD!" HE SAID ALOUD."

went toward his front door, but when he had crept close to it, he hesitated.

"There 's danger in opening it," he said, "but it's safer now than it will be an hour or so later."

He pushed very gently at first, and then harder, but the door seemed to resist him.

"Something's the matter with it," he thought, "but I can't hear anything. Somehow or other, too, the peep-hole is plugged up, and I can't see out. It is n't so dark but I ought to see at least a gleam. I'll widen it a little."

He drew his long, keen bowie-knife from its sheath, and put the point of it into a slit of the door that he had felt for with his fingers.

"Yow! What 's that?" exclaimed a voice on the other side of the door.

"Keep still, Jim! What on earth 's happened to you?"

"I must have backed against somethin' with a p'int to it. Somethin' on the bark," said Jim. "It did n't hurt much, though."

The point of Beard's knife had barely scratched Jim as he leaned against the door, but he was not hurt enough to draw his attention long from something in front of him.

"Bill," said he, "we were fools to come out so early, but who'd have thought of dingoes?"

"This is a good enough place to face them in," said Bill. "They'll only watch us till daylight. But it's a small chance."

"We've got to shoot," said Jim, "even if the blackfellows hear us. They're not near us, or the wolves would n't be here."

"It's a wandering pack," said Bill, "and they scented us. Here are more of them!"

Beard lay still and listened, and he heard enough to understand the matter. The robbers were too uneasy to remain in their camp, and this pair had ventured out in the first faint twilight of dawn, to have a hunt after him and his nuggets.

They had found nothing yet—not even the blackfellows; but a pack of the dingoes, which infested that forest because of its plentiful game, had found them. The men had backed down into the hollow between the tree roots as a good corner to fight from. There they crouched while all the bushes around the hollow became full of snapping jaws, lolling red tongues, fierce

eyes, and sharp scratching paws that tore the earth, in eagerness to get at them.

"Give it to them, Jim!" said Bill. "They're coming too close."

Crack, crack, crack! followed, and Beard knew that there were no misses made at such close quarters. Three of the nearest wolves tumbled over, and the two fellows in the hollow felt safer, for they could be attacked only in front.

"We've killed some of them," said Jim. "It's getting lighter, too. Keep it up, Bill. Steady, boy! There are not so many as there were."

Beard could see through the slit now and then as Jim's body moved, and he was listening intently.

"If it's the big pack," he whispered to himself; "it's all over with Bill and Jim. I don't want to watch what's coming."

"Bill," said Jim, "there are more dingoes than I reckoned on. Quick! Give me the cartridge-box!"

"I did n't bring along any cartridge-box," replied Bill. "I did n't suppose we'd need any more."

"That's my last shell, then!" answered Jim, despairingly.

"And mine, too!" said Bill, as he fired once more, and then drew his knife.

Beard hurried back through the burrow as fast as he could go, remarking:

"It's enough to make one's blood run cold! I'm afraid none of us in here will ever get back to the Grampians!"

None of the sleepers had been disturbed. Even the dogs lay still, unaware that anything strange or new was occurring outside.

"The big dingo pack seems to have thinned out a little," said Beard to himself, as he stepped silently on through the darkness of the cave. "I hope so. Luckily, they never stay long in one place. They'll go away as soon as the sun is up. It's the only big pack I ever heard of. They usually hunt in squads."

He disappeared, and another hour went by, and another, and then at last Sir Frederick Parry awoke and sat up.

"Hugh, my boy," he said, "are you awake?"

"Yes, Father," said Hugh, as he sprang to his feet. "And there's Ned. He's sound asleep—"

"Let him sleep,—he's tired out," said Sir Frederick; looking up, he added suddenly, "Why, there's a coffee-pot!"

The voice of Lady Parry answered:

"Coffee? I'm glad there is coffee. I was just wondering what we should do about breakfast. Helen, dear—"

"I'm awake, Aunt Maude. I've been awake quite a while. Are we all really here in a cave, or am I dreaming?"

"Here we are," said her uncle, standing up; "and as for breakfast—"

"Put the kettle on," said a voice from the dark. "There's plenty of coffee, but no milk or sugar. The cups are by the fireplace. Come this way, Hugh, and we'll get the kangaroo. Bring a lighted torch with you."

"Kangaroo!" exclaimed the baronet. "Where can he catch kangaroos, down here, underground?"

"Why," said Hugh, as he held the end of a torch to the fire, "don't you remember? It's the one we shot at our camp, when the dingoes drove them into it. We brought it here, and hung it down in Mr. Beard's refrigerator, as he calls it."

"That's it, is it?" said Sir Frederick. "I had forgotten all about the refrigerator."

Hugh went with Beard, and in a few minutes he returned, carrying a good supply of fresh, nice-looking cutlets, all ready to broil. In the meantime Lady Parry had given attention to the cooking, and the coffee-pot was steaming over a bed of hot coals. Suddenly Lady Parry called out:

"Where is Mr. Beard? I wish very much to see him."

She spoke so earnestly that she awakened Ned, and he sprang to his feet, rubbing his eyes. Hugh replied:

"Why, Mother, he has gone on another errand, and he said nobody was to go out at the front door on any account."

"Did he say why?" asked the baronet, hastily; but something that he saw in Hugh's face made him add, "All right. I suppose he knows why. Now we will have our coffee. He made his own coffee-cups, apparently."

Sir Frederick picked up, one after another, several rudely shaped earthen cups that lay near the fire, and examined them.

Beard himself needed breakfast as much as anybody; but, for some unknown reason, he had decided to eat it alone, without coffee. At that very moment he was cooking for himself over a fire he had kindled in the roofed cranny of the rocks at his side door. The sun was well up in the sky before he had finished his meal.

"I think it is time now," he said, "for me to go and see how things look under the big tree."

He went cautiously, scouting from rock to rock and from tree to tree, all around the broken angle of the hillside. He proceeded more and more carefully as he approached his own front door, although he remarked to himself, "Of course the dingoes are gone,—and so are the men."

He reached the spot at last, and glanced rapidly around.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed. "Well, the whole pack must have been here. But the rifles are gone, and even the knives! Nothing left! Have the blackfellows come here? Or have the four other rascals been spying about? Somebody must have finished what the dingoes began."

That was evident. Only human hands could have left his yard entirely clear of some proofs of what had taken place; yet there were only scattered cartridge-shells.

"It must mean blackfellows," he said. "They never leave behind a strip or rag of cloth. I don't think either they or the robbers are likely to come back to this place, but the wolves will be sure to come. Our chances are about as bad as bad can be. I must have a talk with Sir Frederick, but I won't see the others."

He opened the bark door as he spoke, and disappeared in the burrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

WILD COMPANY IN THE CAVE.

It was a blue morning, in spite of the sunshine, at Sir Frederick Parry's river-side camp. The men were all up, but no two of them were

of the same mind as to what they were to do next.

"We can't go back to the Grampings without them," said Marsh.

"I 'd spend the rest of me life here a-huntin' for them," said Bob McCracken with energy, "before I 'd give it up they were gone."

The other two men had nothing to say.

"Boys," remarked Marsh, after a long silence, "we 'll see to the hosses and mules, and then we 'll have another day's hunt. There 's no telling but we might find them, somewhere."

They had much to say about blackfellows, while they were getting ready, and they were a gloomy, downhearted set of men. Again and again they regretted the absence of the dogs.

Yip and his two comrades were very busy at about that time. Without orders the three dogs had undertaken an exploration of the cave, but the mystery of it had seemed to be too much for them. They came back from the edge of the chasm with drooping tails, and, sitting down, they all barked and howled in that direction.

"Maude," said Sir Frederick, "it is very remarkable how the echoes of that howling multiply. It sounds as if there were a hundred dogs."

At that moment something new caught his eye, and he arose and walked to the other side of the cave.

"I declare!" he said, as he picked up the crucible. "A regular smelting-pot. Slag, too. Maude, this fellow has been melting down metallic ore of some kind or other. It is curious. There is no metal to be found in rock of this character. No mine of any description can be around here— But, then, this is an extraordinary country."

He studied the crucible and the slag a moment, and then said:

"I hope Beard will return soon. He said he could easily guide us to the camp. I 'd like to know what the men are doing."

"We may be thankful indeed if we ever find it again," said Lady Parry. "Even at best it may take a week to reach the Grampians— perhaps two weeks."

"Aunt Maude," said Helen, with a face beaming with courage, "now that we are all together

again, it seems to me I can endure anything. Last evening, there I was, all alone in the woods, worn out,—oh, how glad I was to see Ned and the dogs come! Hear those dogs, now!"

They were indeed making a great noise, and the sound seemed to be echoed back in peculiarly mournful howls, pitched in different keys, vastly increased in volume, and very much confused and mingled.

"It 's queer," remarked Sir Frederick,— "it is really extraordinary that the noise of those dogs should separate and multiply, and change so in being echoed. I must ask Beard if he has noticed anything of the sort. I thought, a moment ago, that I almost recognized Yip's howl among them."

It was very curious, certainly; but everybody has noticed what odd effects echoes will have at times. Everything about the situation of the Parry family was uncommon, as Ned and Hugh were even then saying. The main point which they were arguing was whether they should venture to disobey Beard's injunction and take a look out into the open air.

Meanwhile a very different series of conversations took place elsewhere. The men in Sir Frederick's camp were talking much of him, and wishing he were there to give them fresh orders.

The four bad fellows, in the camp by the waterfall, were discussing the fate of their two comrades who had gone out so early and had not returned.

"What on earth has become of them?" was asked again and again; but there was no answer.

But Jim and Bill had not fallen victims to the wild dogs. While they stood at bay with drawn knives, resolved to die fighting, and hopeless of rescue, the band of blackfellows came running through the woods.

They knew how to frighten dingoes, and at once set up a chorus of wild yells. This diversion, together with the stout resistance made by the white men, was too much for the pack. With one accord they turned and made after the blackfellows. No sooner were the besiegers gone than Jim and Bill ran into the

woods, and climbed trees. The blackfellows had previously adopted the same plan.

The savages did not know that the white men were so near. The rattling reports of their shooting had first attracted the quick-eared blackfellows, while now the fact that the white men were not firing led the savages to take it for granted that they had gone to their camp.

The sun arose, and another very natural resolve came to the dingoes. They had watched men in trees long enough, and enough of them had been slaughtered to satisfy them for one morning. They came to a howling decision of that sort, at last, and the entire pack set off upon an easy gallop along the mountain side. Not one of them had been in sight when Beard came out at his side door that morning and went to examine his front yard.

At the foot of each of the trees which contained the forlorn white fellows lay an empty, useless rifle which seemed to look up mockingly at its helpless owner.

"Bill," exclaimed Jim, suddenly, "look yonder! If that does n't beat me!"

"There he is," said Bill. "That 's the man! He 's as unconcerned as if nobody was after him!"

"Could n't we pepper him, just now!" said Jim,—"if we had cartridges."

"But we have n't a cartridge," said Bill. "Besides, we don't want to pepper him till after we 've made him tell us where he 's hid his pile of nuggets."

"That 's so," replied Jim; "but we 've got something to tell the boys, now."

So they sat there in the tree-forks and talked about Beard and of what they meant to do to him, long after he was hidden from their sight by trunks and foliage. He, on his side, had no idea that he had been seen, although he knew it was quite possible. He was studying the wrecks and relics of the fight between the dingoes and the two white men.

"How those brutes will devour one of their own kind, as soon as he 's knocked over!" he remarked, just before he went into his house. "There seems to be nothing eatable that they won't eat."

Ned and Hugh were still busy with the question of whether they should venture out, when they were startled once more.

"Ned, come this way," exclaimed a voice which Ned supposed to be at that moment far away.

"I 'm coming," Ned replied; and then he added, speaking in a low voice to Hugh, "How that man does get around!"

"Well," said Hugh, "he knows the way. The dogs are out yonder, and yet they did n't hear him."

"Ned," said Beard, as soon as they were together among the pillars, "I want to have Sir Frederick come in here, and nobody else. Do you know what 's the matter with those dogs?"

"They are scared at the chasm, or at the dark, I suppose," said Ned.

"No, it 's not that," said Beard, anxiously. "Tell him to come here, right away. I know dogs, my boy. There 's something in that cave that 's alive and moving. What can it be? Tell Sir Frederick to come here! Quick!"

Ned sprang back to the baronet and gave his errand, in a swift, excited whisper, adding: "Don't scare Lady Maude and Helen, nor Hugh, either. Come!"

But Sir Frederick Parry was not easily frightened. He rose, and answered:

"I 'll go, my boy. You and Hugh put more wood on the fire. Call in the dogs."

In a moment more, he stood face to face with Beard. The two men were of nearly the same size, but there was a marked contrast between the long-bearded, roughly dressed man of the woods, and the elegantly dressed, closely cropped English gentleman.

"What is it, Beard?" he asked; and Beard told him rapidly all there was to tell about the blackfellows and the white men outside the cave.

"Now, Sir Frederick," said Beard. "Do you hear your dogs?"

Ned and Hugh were vainly trying to quiet them, and Yip and the hounds were barking furiously.

"Remarkable echoes," replied Sir Frederick; "very extraordinary, indeed!"

"Echoes!" exclaimed Beard. "Don't you recognize that howl? How they got in I can-

not imagine, but the *great dingo pack is in this cave!* It comes into these woods every few months. It comes and goes. It's here now!"

"Wolves in the cave!" gasped the baronet. "And there are cannibals and ex-convicts outside!"

"I've had to face such things, year after year," said Beard, bitterly; "but I've been

"I'm ready," said Sir Frederick. "You're a brave fellow."

Beard was truly a brave man, but the beads of perspiration came out on his broad forehead, as he stood and listened to the clamor, which seemed to be momentarily increasing. Sir Frederick's face, also, betrayed his feelings, and now they both darted forward.



"'THAT'S THE GREAT DINGO PACK,' SAID BEARD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

alone. I never had to take care of women or boys. I'm glad we have so much fuel right here. That will help. So will one thing more—if we dare do it!"

"What's that?" asked the baronet.

"Why," said Beard, "we must build another fire further down the cave. It will keep them off, perhaps with some shooting to help, until we dare venture out of the front door and try to reach your camp."

"We must have torches!" said Beard, quickly. "All of you gather up pine-knot sticks and light them. Boys, bring all the wood you can carry. Load your guns. Let the ladies help, too. They can light torches and carry wood. I'm glad there's plenty of firewood."

"Helen," said Lady Parry, "I don't know what it is for, but some danger threatens us. We must do as he says."

"I can carry wood," said Helen. "I have found a splendid torchstick. My revolver is loaded, too."

The dry pine-knot at the end of the stick kindled swiftly and threw a strong glare of ruddy light over her excited face, and she looked very resolute.

Ned and Hugh sprang to their work with but a dim idea of what it was for, while Yip and the hounds redoubled their barking; the noise from the other end of the cave also grew louder and more hideous, helped as it was by all the echoes from the sides and roof.

"Bring the wood here, Sir Frederick," said Beard, and they quickly halted at the very edge of the chasm. "We'll kindle our fire here," he went on. "It's odd, but I never made much

of a fire here before. I never brought anything bigger than a torch."

Down went the wood, in a growing heap. It was dry, a great part of it was resinous, and it kindled fast. Up sprang the dancing blaze, throwing a bright fire-glow upon the vaulted roof, with its glittering white stalactites, and upon the stalagmite-dotted floor, strewn with fragments. Down into the mysterious chasm went the new illumination; but all the party were staring across the chasm, not into it, as Beard exclaimed:

"It's not nearly so wide as I thought it was, but still they can't jump across. Look!"

They looked, and they all drew short, shuddering breaths, though they could not see much, after all. It was only a darkness, into which the firelight streamed, flaringly, showing an array of greenish, gleaming eyes, clashing teeth, and shadowy shapes of heads and legs.

"That's the great dingo pack," said Beard. "No doubt about it. How they got there puzzles me entirely. I never was over on that side of the chasm."

"Do you think they can find any way to get around to this side?" asked Sir Frederick, uneasily.

"Not that I know of," said Beard. "There they are. The cave must go to the river-bank on the other side of the mountain. It runs all around it, you know—"

"Ned! Hugh! Hold on! Don't shoot!" suddenly shouted Beard, as the boys were lifting their guns. "You'll bring down a shower of stalactites on our heads! There comes one! Back to the front of the cave!"

Crash! And then a thunderous roar followed the fall of that stalactite, mingled with the mournful howling of the dingoes and the yelps of the terrified dogs.

(To be continued.)

Music-Mad.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

MADLINE is music-mad,
Dancing 's her delight;
She is at it all day long,
From early morn till night.
Heel and toe, toe and heel,
Polka, waltz, Virginia reel,—
With a partner or without,
Madeline will whirl about.

Little does she care for books,
Little wisdom shows;
And 't is often said her brains
Must be in her toes.
When she hears the violin,
Then her ecstasies begin;
And her friends declare 't is sad
She should be so music-mad.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY and a merry Fourth to you, my beloved—a merry, happy Fourth, containing, as Deacon Green says, ninety per cent. of true patriotism to five per cent. of racket and bluster, leaving only five per cent. residuum for casualties! That is the chemistry way of looking at it. As for your own Jack, all he need say about it is to remind you, one and all, that the American Eagle is not a crowing bird. He takes a high view of things; and sometimes, indeed, he may hug himself complacently with his ample wings,—but he never *crows*. Remember that, my friends.

Here comes something fluttering upon my pulpit! It is from one who has been looking into holidays generally, and especially into the Fourth of July. It is a brief paper, so let us open our simple out-of-door service by reading it. Glancing at the document hastily in a Jack-in-the-Pulpit sort of way, it strikes me as being rather scholastic in tone, though simple in character. Of course it is entitled

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

NOTED as is this day in the history of the American people, it really was a day of feast and celebration many years ago—long before the signing of our Declaration of Independence. In Scotland it used to be called St. Martin of Bullion's Day, and was celebrated with great feasting and sporting, especially by the Scotch peasantry. It was a common proverb that if the deer lay down dry and rose dry on "Bullion's Day," it was an infallible sign that there would be a good gorse harvest. Gorse was the term for the latter end of summer, therefore gorse harvest meant an early harvest. Throughout the whole of Europe, the peasantry (and, indeed, many other people) believed that rain on Bullion's Day betokened rain for twenty ensuing days.

It is a remarkable fact, too, that the two men who were especially associated with the Fourth of

July—Jefferson and the elder Adams, the first being the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the other its warm indorser—should have died on the fiftieth anniversary of the great day.

THE same good correspondent, Zitella Cocke, also sends you this breezy little song:

FOUR BROTHERS.

FOUR BROTHERS are piping o'er land and o'er sea—

Each pipes his own tune and with good-will pipes he,

And one like a clarion-trumpet doth blow,
And one plays a lullaby, sweetly and low—

And one wakes the waves with a blast wild and shrill,

And one murmurs softly to river and rill;—
Pray who are the Brothers?—perchance you have guessed;

Look Northward and Southward and Eastward and West,

And listen—hark! hark!—through the wood floats a strain—

The West Wind is piping his joyous refrain!

Now you shall hear of certain very

INTELLIGENT EMIGRANTS.

CROWN POINT, NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK: Reading this evening in the February ST. NICHOLAS a story of the exploit of some red ants, I was reminded of an incident that occurred at our home last summer—not, indeed, so wonderful a display of intelligence as that told of in the verses, but still one that interested us greatly. We witnessed what was, undoubtedly, the emigration of a tribe of black ants.

On the side of a piazza at the rear of our house is a lattice. Upon a slat of this lattice one of us observed an unusual number of ants; and soon the attention of the whole family was called to their movements. The ants were certainly changing their quarters from some place in the roof or cornice of the piazza to a place under the floor. There were two lines of ants: one going down and transporting eggs the size of which differed little from that of the bodies of the insects, and another line going back to the roof—to reload, I suppose. All these evolutions were carried forward along the top of one slat, not half an inch in width. When the down-going ant reached the floor, he followed almost exactly the same path that the others had used. This moving continued until after noon. We did not notice the ants again during the summer. Who knows but this migration is set down, in the annals of the tribe, as a most important epoch of their history?

SIDNEY N. DEANE.

CHIVALROUS PIGS.

MY DEAR JACK: I saw a very funny scene not long ago, an account of which may amuse the girls and boys who read ST. NICHOLAS.

Five of us were driving through the country, on top of a big coach, when a flock of sheep appeared on the road before us. One little lamb with its mother had lingered behind the rest; and, before we could stop him, our naughty dog flew at the poor little lamb and began to bite and shake it cruelly. We could not get to the rescue, and the frightened lamb was in great danger, when a very strange thing happened. Four pigs, standing by the fence, suddenly rushed up as if bent on rescuing the

victim. For a moment there was confusion, indeed. Barks and squeals, and pigs, dog, and lamb had full possession of our faculties, but the pigs soon drove the dog away, and the baby lamb was saved. Now, did you ever think that a *pig* would do so kind a thing? A constant reader,

K. C. H.

THE ANGEL-FISH OF BERMUDA.

HERE come a letter and a picture that surely will interest you—and as they both are true, it will be perfectly easy after this day for all of you who never have seen a live angel-fish to recognize one at first sight. The dear Little Schoolma'am has never been to Bermooda (as she calls it, though Deacon Green always says Ber-mew-da), but once she had the delight of seeing a fine specimen of this fish swimming about in a large aquarium-tank, and she assures my birds and myself that a more exquisitely, superbly beautiful creature—in the fish line—never crossed her vision. Mr. King's photograph of the scaly—or, I should say, radiant—creature "fairly shimmered," as the dear Little Schoolma'am expressed it; and brother Drake of The Century Co. certainly has done well in having the photograph so clearly copied for you.

Now for the fish itself:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Among the most beautiful of the fish that swarm in the waters of Bermuda is the angel-fish, a photograph of which is herewith sent you. This specimen was caught

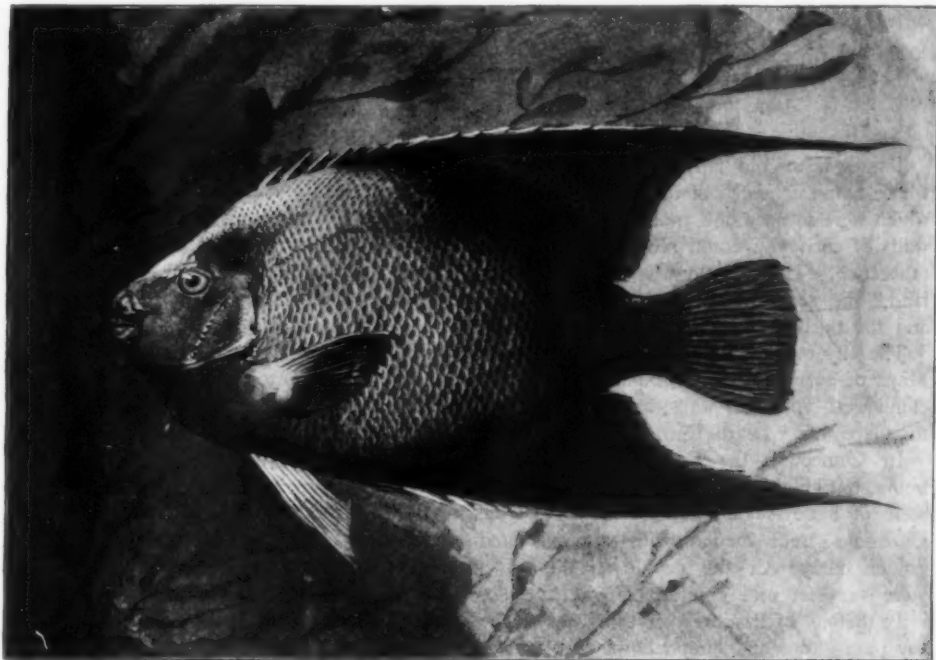
in a fish-pot in Hamilton harbor, and photographed while alive. The angel-fish varies in length from ten to eighteen inches from nose to tip of fins; and a most striking object it is.

With the sides shading from a pearly opal to an intense purple; with spots of gobelin blue over each eye, at the junction of each fin with the body, and about the gills; with edgings of canary-yellow deepening at the tip of tail and fins to a glowing orange—as they swim slowly about in the clear waters of the islands, they seem like animated specimens of some skilled jeweler's art: one who has laid upon foundation-tints taken from sea and sky richer hues, using for his materials lapis-lazuli, opals, turquoises, sapphires, amber, silver, and gold.

THOMAS WORTHINGTON KING.

A NOTICE.

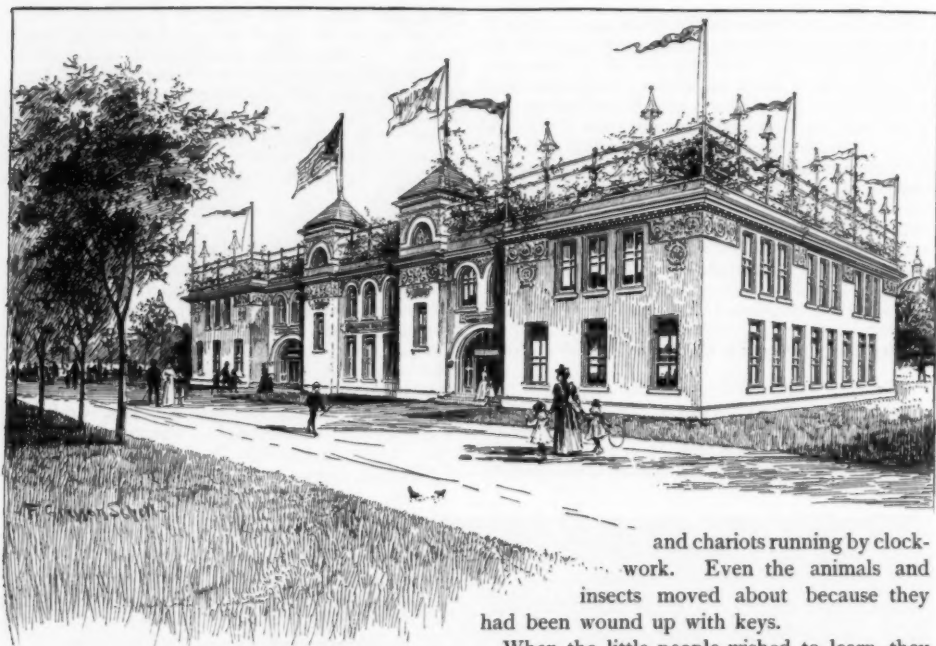
THE dear Little Schoolma'am asks me to announce from this pulpit that the very best corrected version of *A Misspelled Tail* that had been received up to the third of May, or printing-time, was sent in by C. A. Burtch, of Brookline Park, Illinois. Even this fine version, however, is not absolutely perfect. The dear little lady therefore asks that others among my delightful crowd of young folks will try to write out Mrs. Corbett's pathetic story with absolute correctness of spelling. It is to be found in the April St. NICHOLAS of this year, page 475.



THE ANGEL-FISH OF BERMUDA.

THE CHILDREN'S BUILDING OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.



THERE is an old fairy story about a king whose realm consisted of three beautiful cities, which were so near one another that from the walls of each you could see the walls of the other two. The first city was called "Lessonland," the second the city of "Confection," and the third the city of "Pastime."

The city of Lessonland was built of books. Maps of every country and pictures of every clime were upon the walls, and the motto of the place was, "Learn, learn, learn!"

In Confection the bricks used were not books, but gingerbread; the bridges and fences were of barley-sugar; and all the trees were Christmas trees loaded with almonds and golden nuts. All the people in this town were very fat and comfortable.

In the city of Pastime everything was on the toy plan—tops and hoops, bows and arrows, kites and dolls, goat-carts and all sorts of gigs

and chariots running by clock-work. Even the animals and insects moved about because they had been wound up with keys.

When the little people wished to learn, they went to Lessonland, when they were hungry they hastened to Confection, and when they wished to play they crossed over into Pastime.

This delightful fable has been realized and materialized within the grounds of the Columbian Exposition. Here can be found the fairy kingdom indeed, with all three cities under one roof—the roof of the Children's Building.

Never in the history of the world has there been a house like this. The idea, to begin with, started in the mind of a warm-hearted woman, who knew that during the long summer of wonder-seeing there would be so many tired little feet, so many little strangers who missed their gardens, their playthings, and their books. She thought if men were to have stately and magnificent structures, and women were to have a white palace devoted to their work and to their comfort, that the children might have their own building, too.

It should be just as beautiful, just as useful, and just as comfortable. She called into counsel other wise women, and presently the idea, which had been slowly growing, began to put forth sprouts and branches. Then, behold! it blossomed into a wonderful plan. The place for rest and home care should be there, and much besides. Everything pertaining to child-life should be exhibited. It should be a real child-kingdom.

But how was all this to be done without money? The men in charge of the great Exposition had their hands full. They had nothing to spare from their gigantic undertaking. So the Board of Lady Managers, with true courage, assumed the responsibility.

The cost was apportioned between the several States. An architect was employed to draw plans. But contributions came in slowly. The whole plan was likely to fail for want of money. Then a social and literary club, made up mostly of young women, in the north division of Chicago, came to the rescue. They held a bazaar, the like of which had never been seen in the city. It brought into the treasury \$35,000. Besides this, children from all over the land began sending in their contributions. Then there was no longer any lack of money.

Out of this small beginning came the Children's Building. In size it is 150 x 90 feet. It is built of staff—a material which gives elegant and substantial effects without the enormous labor that would be required in using ordinary materials.

It is decorated in colors, light blue predominating. Among other decorations are sixteen medallions of the children of all nations in their national costumes: Indian, Japanese, Dutch, French, Spanish—children of every clime.

The first floor contains the Crèche, a large, airy, cheerful room, where one hundred children can be cared for at a time, while their mothers are out sight-seeing. The Assembly-room is also upon this floor, and this is, perhaps, where more interest will center than in any other part of the house. It is furnished with chairs, like any audience-room, except that the seats are of several different sizes. There is a platform from which will be given to the older boys and girls stereopticon lectures about foreign countries,

their languages, manners and customs, and important facts connected with their history. These facts will be told by experienced teachers and kindergartners, who will then take groups of children to see the exhibits from the countries about which they have just heard. In the Assembly-room there will also be dramatic, literary, and musical entertainments carefully adapted to suit the intelligence of varying ages. Distinguished people who are visiting the Exposition, will be asked to give familiar talks about their special lines of work. Authors, artists, musicians, and scientists will all be called upon to minister to the happiness of the fortunate little people.

On the second floor, kindergarten and kitchen-garden departments will be in full operation for the benefit of mothers and others interested in the best methods of instructing children. Here will be also the cooking-school from the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. The Ramona School for Indians is to be brought from Santa Fé, New Mexico. There are thirty pupils, and they will bring all their furniture and decorations, and will do their native basket-weaving and other characteristic Indian work. There will also be a school for deaf-mutes, where the interesting process of teaching to speak and to read from the lips will be shown.

The Library is as nearly a model one for children as can be secured. Portraits of writers for children, with autographs whenever that is possible, are upon the walls. The favorite home papers and the familiar magazines are to be found, ready either to be merely glanced at or to be read at leisure. On the roof, above all this busy lesson-life, is the playground. This is a lovely garden, all inclosed with a wire screen for safety. It is full of flowers and plants, and live birds are flying about in perfect freedom. Toys of all nations are on exhibition here, from the crude child-trinket of the savage to the talking, walking, working playthings of France. And they are not for show merely, but for the children to play with.

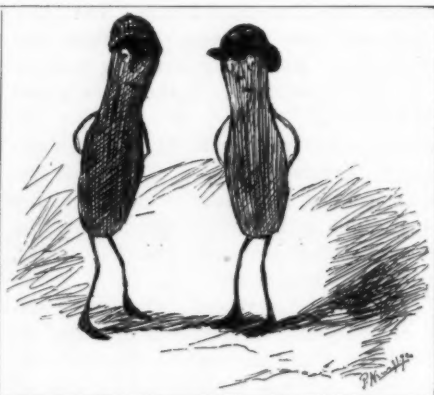
I think the women who have done most to plan for and complete this Children's Building should be remembered. They are Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers, and Mrs. George L. Dunlap.

INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

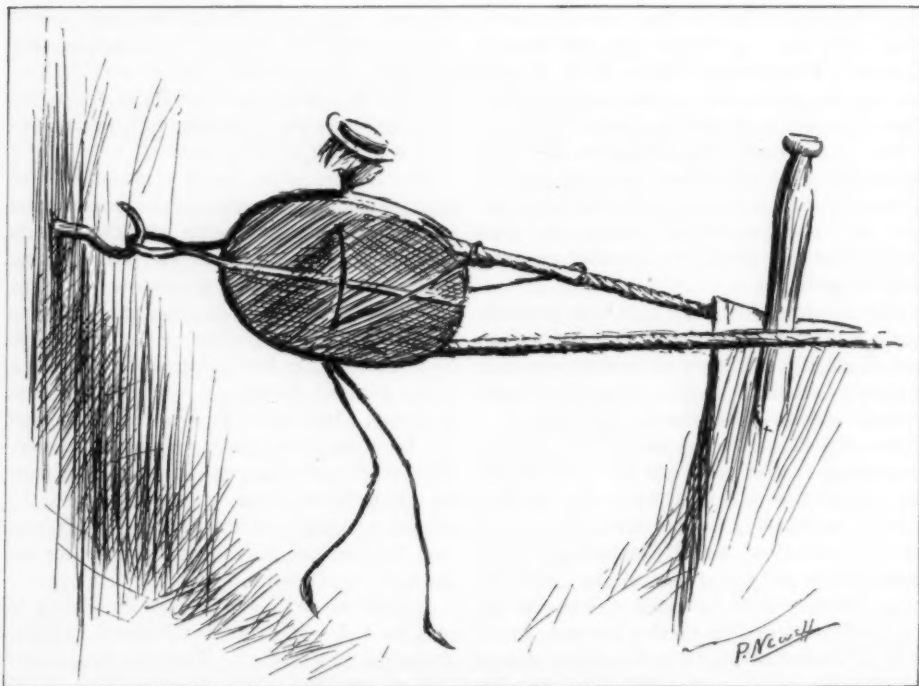
By P. NEWELL.



PIPE: "Hello, Bubble! What's the trouble?"
BUBBLE: "Good-by, old fellow! I feel that I'm going to sneeze, and I'm too fragile to stand that!"



SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.
A couple of Insoles who are suspected of being footpads.



HELPLESS CLOTHES-LINE PULLEY.
IT'S VERY KIND OF THE CLOTHES-LINE PULLEY TO HAUL IN THE CLOTHES FOR MRS. DUFFY.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is there any one among your many contributors who can give a clear description and directions for playing the charming and old-fashioned game of "Cat's Cradle"? It seems to have gone out so completely that no one can be found who can go farther than the fifth figure. I have a childish recollection of an old aunt who could give us twenty or more moves, each with its proper name, and I think the game is worth reviving for this generation. Yours, etc. M. S—.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of ten years old. I live at Pride's Crossing in the summer, and sometimes I go to Europe, and in the winter time I live in Boston.

I have a donkey and a little cart, and I go out to drive every day. One day the donkey was stubborn, and he would not go at all. Then all of a sudden he commenced kicking, and he knocked over the cart and I fell out, but I was not hurt a bit. He is always doing things like that. But papa says he is going to give me a pony, because he says the donkey is quite too dangerous for me.

EDWIN W. B—.

PACHECO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are one of the best magazines I ever read. I do not take you, but the Pacheco school does. Mr. Sickal is the teacher. One of the best stories I ever read in you is "The White Cave"; it is a very interesting illustration of Australia; the kite, "Uncle Sam," is another good story. I make kites every year, but they are only two or three feet high. I make them the same shape as the Uncle Sam, out of sticks made of redwood shakes, about three eighths of an inch wide.

Your affectionate reader, JOHNIE S—.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for such a long time now that I do not know what we should do without you.

In the winter we live in Elizabeth, and during the month of September we are generally at Garrison's, opposite West Point. We often go over to see the flying artillery, or dress parade, and often the notes of the hymn, which they always play on Sunday evenings, float across the water so that we can hear quite distinctly. With much love, I am always your very faithful reader, GAY ROYAL T—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy thirteen years old last summer. My twin brother, Lionel, had a fall from his pony and hurt his back, and it has never been strong since. Papa had to go to Oregon on business, and he brought us to America with him, thinking the change would do Lionel good. He left us in New York with our aunt, and there we saw dear ST. NICHOLAS. We were very much interested in the Letter-box, and I am writing

this letter hoping that it will be published, as I want to surprise Lionel. I like it very much in New York, for as Lionel is not strong enough to study, we left our tutor at home, and so we have all day to play. At home, in England, we had to study from nine until half-past one, winter and summer, besides preparing our tasks in the evening. However, we had the afternoons to ourselves, and before Lionel was hurt we generally rode our ponies; but after his accident papa bought us a dog-cart and taught me to drive tandem, which is fine sport. We took our sister Mabel once, but the cart was so small it crowded Lionel, and after that she rode her own pony.

I hope this letter is good enough to print, for if it is I shall send it home to mama and Mabel.

Your devoted friend, WALTER A—.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Being so pleased with the letters in your "Box," I thought I would add to your list. I live about a block from the beach of San Francisco bay. From every window in the house we can see the Pacific Ocean on the west, the city on the south, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley on the east, and Mount Tamalpais, San Rafael, Sausalito, and Alcatraz on the north. We see every steamer, ship, or vessel that comes and goes in the harbor. Last summer I went to Alaska. My sister corresponds with Indian girls at the Metlekatla Mission. Their letters are very well written (but very flattering).

I like "Polly Oliver's Problem" very much, as Mrs. Wiggin used to teach my brother and sisters when we were very small. I think she means our family when she says she went to amuse the four little Baer Cubs instructively, which is very true. I belong to a club where we assume names; and I take Mrs. Wiggin's name; another member takes the name of Louisa M. Alcott. From your constant reader,

EDITH L. B—.

JALLUNDAR CITY, PUNJAB, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. We have had you for about nine years in our family, and I enjoy reading you very much.

The other day I received a letter from a lady, in which she inclosed a beetle about as large as my finger-nail. At first we did not know whether it was real or only manufactured; but, after examining it for a long time, we concluded it was a real beetle. It looks like a very small turtle with a thin yellow disk like the shell of a turtle. The disk is transparent. At the front there are two feelers, and it has six legs. The colors are a bright red, yellow, and brown. I have a nice magnifying-glass, with which I can examine it. The first night I had it I gave it some bread.

Our unusually long winter is just about over now. In the place where I live we have no snow or ice. In the summer it gets so hot that we go up to the hills for some coolness; there we get a lovely view of the snows. In the

morning they look very pretty. Sometimes, in the middle of the day, when the sun is shining on them, the mountains glitter so, and look so bright, that they almost dazzle your eyes; but they are prettiest in the evening when the sun is just setting; they have a purplish glow all over. Though this has been an unusually cold winter, for in this place the mercury has hardly ever gone below the freezing-point. Last summer, once, the mercury went up to 120° in the shade.

I am your constant reader, FRANK H. N.—.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you of a little bantam hen my brother once had. We used to let it in the house, and one day mama called me to see something, and there, on the top of the sideboard, was an egg. The hen had gotten into the house somehow and laid the egg on a little mat that was on the sideboard. One day we found an egg on the parlor table. A few days afterward I went into the parlor and saw the hen running over the mantel. There was a little china cup on the corner of the mantel, and the hen had knocked it over and broken the handle in its hurry to get away. When I looked back of the cup I saw another egg. The hen also laid an egg in the middle of a bed. We were very sorry when it died, and missed it very much. We had other bantams besides this one, but none were so bold.

Your loving reader, HETTY M. A.—.

POATING, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I was born in Peking and lived there more than seven years. I like your stories very much. I remember when you published the story "Juan and Juanita." While I was in America I made the acquaintance of some little girls about my age, and I correspond with them.

I have not been in China very long this time. I am going to tell you of my voyage. We started from New Haven, Conn., the 7th of September, and were in Boston, Mass., at eleven o'clock P. M. The next day my uncle, Lieutenant W. W. Gibson, took us for a drive; we saw the house where Longfellow used to live, and the old elm-tree where Washington first took command of the American army. The next day we started for Montreal, and arrived there in the evening and changed trains for Vancouver. To pass away the time I counted all the prairie-dogs I saw. At Vancouver we took the steamer "Empress of China." The third day out we struck a severe storm, and later encountered a typhoon. After two weeks we arrived at Yokohama and in a week more we arrived at Shanghai. Just before you get to Shanghai there is a river, and in the river there is a large sand-bar; the Chinese call it the "heavenly barrier."

After a few days' stay in Shanghai we took a smaller steamer for Tientsin; on the way we passed through a terrible typhoon, and it seemed as if the ship would go to pieces every minute. A British mail-steamer, the "Bokhara," going south to Hongkong, was wrecked in the same typhoon, and nearly all on board were lost; those who were saved were washed up on one of the islands on which the ship struck, when she sank with all on board. We arrived in a few days at Tientsin and took a house-boat to Poating. A house-boat is a small boat with a covering; if the wind is not blowing the boatmen use very long poles, with which they push it; and if the water is so deep that the poles can't touch the bottom of the river, they fasten a rope to the mast and

draw it. We were on the boat a week, arriving here on the 7th of November. Your loving reader,
WILLA CAREY N.—.

WINCHESTER, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since you were published, and think you are by far the nicest magazine we take.

I live in the historic old town of Winchester. We have a spring here by the name of "Suwane." They say when the Indians lived here, they believed that if they drank of that spring they were sure to return before they died, and if by chance they died away from here, they were always buried with their heads in this direction. Lord Fairfax's remains are in the Episcopal church here. The author of "Juan and Juanita" lives about a mile from here in a beautiful country home.

My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita." Your interested reader,

AUGUSTA P.—.

FINVOY RECTORY, BALLYMONEY, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little children, and have had ST. NICHOLAS for a very long time, and love it very, very much. Our little brother's god-mother has sent it to him ever since he could walk. We live not very far from the Giant's Causeway, and have often been there. There is a Lady's Wishing-Chair, and they say that if a lady makes a wish in it, the wish will be fulfilled within the year. We have a Causeway stone at the side of our drawing-room window. It has seven sides, and is very queer. A young lady was here from England when it came, and she christened it "The Lady's Wishing-Stone," and then we made a "freet" about it. You have to walk round it three times, sit down with your eyes closed, take a crooked pin from somebody, and then wish, and you are sure to get your wish; and mother says ours is about as true as the other things they tell at the Causeway. The Bann is in our parish, and we often get salmon and trout that are caught in it. I hope ST. NICHOLAS will live as long as we do. With much love from your affectionate readers,

ELEANOR, DOROTHY, GEORGE H. F.—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Johanna T. T., Elizabeth B. and Ollie W., Alice K. H., Hamilton M., W. P. L., Grace W., Helen F., F. and A. S., Clarence G., Carl C. T., D. S., Walter F. K., R. S. F., James L., Hilda L., Clarence, Lillius S., Belle H., Arthur P. G., Jr., F. I. E., Stuart and Elbert B., Alice O., Ellen D. R. F., Bertha S., Edith S. D., Fred and Joe, Geraldine B., Avis K. B., Lucile J., Anna L., "Bertie," Louise G., Gertie T., Emily P. G., Agnes B., John B. D., Thos. H. D., Lucile V. P., Albert E. R., L. V. D. B., Marion V. R., J. E. M., George E. F., Edith M. H., S. M. E. L., Susie P., May M., Jessie B. F., Mary M., James McV., Elizabeth H. W., Blanche B., Bessie T., Madeline J. P., Hettie, Frances C., Katharine M. A., Phyllis N. N., Waldo C. J., Anna M. M., Adda M. G., J. West Rulon C., E. and M. B., Fanny H., Alice and Mary, Dagmar F. N. K., Mina S., Ward J., "Bébé," Edith G., Gussie B., Maude A. W., Vivian C., Madge L., Gerald A., Mary FitzG., A. W. O., Muriel D. E., and the following pupils of the Central School of Fresno, Cal.: Della B., Grace S., Frank O., Allen G., Mary B., George S., Vivian R. W., Virda C., Cecilia E. W., Nellie S., and Roy A.

THE RIDDLE BOX

METAMORPHOSES. I. Bland, blank, blink, slink, slick, slice, spice, spile, smile. II. Holy, hole, pole, pile, wile, wily, oily, only, inly, idly, idle, isle. —**ANAGRAM.** George Washington.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Pasha. 2. Actor. 3. Storm. 4. Horse. 5. Armed. II. 1. Quota. 2. Umber. 3. Obese. 4. Testa. 5. Arear. III. 1. Dream. 2. Rondo. 3. Endow. 4. Adore. 5. Mower. IV. 1. Realm. 2. Ennui. 3. Acent. 4. Lunar. 5. Mitre.

WORD-BUILDING. I, in, inn, nine, inner, dinner, rending, trending, tendering, pretending.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. World's Fair.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles Kingsley; finals, Peter Paul Rubens. Cross-words: 1. Crisp. 2. Handsome. 3. Anent. 4. Rapture. 5. Lemur. 6. Envelop. 7. Sofa. 8. Kiang-su. 9. Instill. 10. Neither. 11. Gnu. 12. Sahib. 13. Lathe. 14. Effusion. 15. Yumas.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Paul Reese—"Uncle Mung"—Isabel, Mama, and Jamie—Mabel Gardner—Helen C. McCleary—Maude E. Palmer—A. H. and R.—"The McG's"—"Alice Milled Blanke and Co."—Ida C. Thallon—Jo and I—C. W. Brown—Carl and Paul Rowley—Chester B. Sumner—Hubert L. Bingray—L. O. E.—"Infantry"—Rosalie Bloomingdale—E. M. G.—Nessie and Freddie—Mama, Maud, and Ethel—"Leather-Stocking"—John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman—"The Wise Five."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Mary Makepeace, 1—Amy T. Hallett, 1—Evelyn Swire, 2—Geo. S. Seymour, 4—S. S. S., 3—Richard N. Duffy, Jr., 1—Helen Schneider, 1—"Gett" Stapleton, 1—G. B. Dyer, 9—Mabel A. Wheeler, 1—Willie E. and Alice C. Schoonmaker, 2—Melville Hunnewell, 4—Vincet V. M. Beede, 5—Louisa Weightman, 1—"Mr. Micawber," 3—Lizzie A. Schilling, 1—Nellie Louise Schilling, 1—Blanche and Fred, 9—Mama and Sadie, 5—Bessie R. Crocker, 8—"Old Riddler," 2—Edwin Rutherford, 1—James A. Seddon, Jr., 2—Harry and Mama, 9—Clara Mayer, 4—Gail Ramond, 9—Toddy and Briggs, 9—Ida and Alice, 8—Charlotte A. Peabody, 9—A. and L., 8—Hortense Chegwidden, 1—Two of the Three, 9—Susie, 9—Arrie Chester, 1—"Jink and Jay," 3—Helen and Doris F. Hays, 9—"Chickadee," 9—Josephine Sherwood, 9—Maud and Dudley Banks, 9—Grace P. Lawrence, 1—Harold R. Cardwell and Rufus P. Spalding, 1—Marjorie and Helen Hill, 1.

The diagram shows a 10x10 grid of squares. A path of squares is highlighted, starting from the top-left corner and moving towards the bottom-right corner. The path is defined by a series of connected squares, with some squares being shaded or marked differently to indicate the path. The path starts at (0,0) and ends at (9,9), following a zig-zag pattern.

1. UPPER RHOMBROID. Across: 1. Five hundred. 2. The joint on which a door turns. 3. To delay. 4. Spanish dollars. 5. General tendency. Downward: 1. In tumblers. 2. An expression of inquiry. 3. An eyot. 4. A fastening. 5. The name of several species of herons which bear plumes on the back. 6. A dialect of the Celtic which is spoken in Scotland. 7. Yonder. 8. In such manner. 9. In tumblers.

II. LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID: Across: 1. A deep blue pigment. 2. A mental standard of perfection. 3. Ladies. 4. Slender, strong cords. 5. A step. Downward: 1. In tumblers. 2. The third tone of the scale. 3. To augment. 4. Loyal. 5. Tammy. 6. A season of fasting. 7. A large body of water. 8. The seventh tone of the scale. a. In tumblers.

III. RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID: 1. Aftermath. 2. Became delirious. 3. More recent. 4. To lay a second time.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Adapt. 2. Opera. 3. Tails. 4. Rasps.
Loyal.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Carat. 2. Atone. 3. Robin. 4. Anile.
5. Tenet. II. 1. Straw. 2. Tribe. 3. Rider. 4. Abets. 5. Werst.

INTERSECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, builder; from 3 to 4, sailors; from 5 to 6, Holland. Cross-words: 1. Bothers. 2. Humoral. 3. Wailing. 4. Stylish. 5. Broaden. 6. Drunken. 7. Soldier.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. "City of the Sun." Cross-words: 1. Calao. 2. Indus. 3. Tangier. 4. Yokohama. 5. Odessa. 6. Feejee. 7. Tripoli. 8. Himalaya. 9. Elbe. 10. Saguenay. 11. Utrecht. 12. Naples.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Corneille. 1. Coral. 2. Doves. 3. Purse.
4. Crank. 5. Slate. 6. Chair. 7. Rules. 8. Album. 9. Egret.

STAR PUZZLE. 1. P. 2. An. 3. Paraded. 4. Nature. 5. Dunes.
6. Erects. 7. Destroy. 8. So. 9. Y.

zine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and
CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

received, before April 15th, from Paul Reese — "Uncle Mung"
Maude E. Palmer — A. H. and R. — "The McG's" — "Alice Mil-
— Carl and Paul Rowley — Chester B. Sumner — Hubert L. Bin-
essie and Freddie — Mama, Maud, and Ethel — "Leather-Stocking"
— before April 15th, from Mary Makepeace, 1 — Amy T. Hallett, 1 —
Duffy, Jr., 1 — Helen Schneider, 1 — "Gert," Stapleton, 1 — G. B.
2 — Melville Hunnewell, 4 — Vincent V. M. Beede, 5 — Louisa
Louise Schilling, 1 — Blanche and Fred, 9 — Mama and Sadie, 5 —
James A. Seddon, Jr., 2 — Harry and Mama, 9 — Clara Mayer, 2 —
te A. Peabody, 9 — A. and I., 8 — Hortense Clegghidn, 1 — "Two"
5 — A. W. Rundquist, 3 — Lottie and Maud, 1 — Dora F. Here-
y Banks, 9 — Grace P. Lawrence, 1 — Harold R. Cardwell and Rufus

5. A diseased person. Downward: 1. In tumblers. 2. A conjunction. 3. Pale. 4. Always. 5. The principal post at the foot of a staircase. 6. A word used by printers which means to take out. 7. To knock. 8. A pronoun. 9. In tumblers.

IV. LOWER RHOMBOID. Across: 1. An animal allied to the weasel. 2. Ponderous volumes. 3. Small silver coins. 4. Pertaining to the country. 5. To send back. Downward: 1. In tumblers. 2. A preposition. 3. Twenty-eight pounds. 4. An Arabian military commander. 5. A nocturnal animal found in Madagascar. 6. Dry. 7. A masculine nickname. 8. A Chinese measure of distance. 9. In tumblers. "XELIS."

1. 1. IN tense. 2. Aptly. 3. Emits. 4. A lizard.
5. A union of three. 6. Sorrowful. 7. In tense.

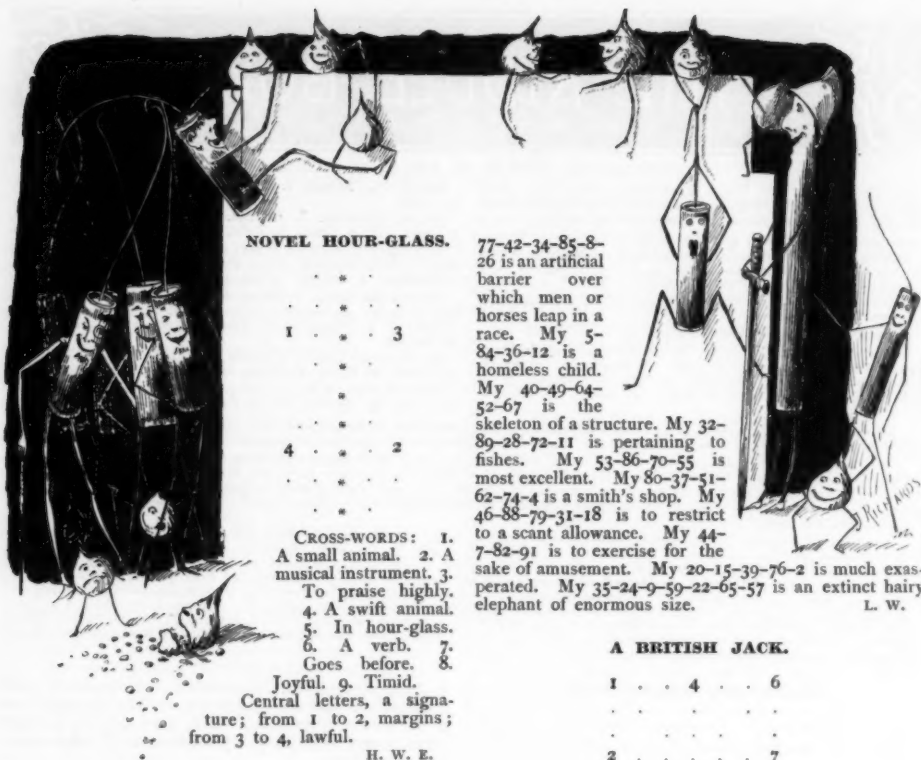
II. 1. In lump. 2. A verb. 3. Lifeless. 4. An order of exercises. 5. Blunder. 6. A seafaring man. 7. In lump.

III. 1. In marble. 2. To mimic. 3. A genus of tropical plants. 4. A marginal note on a letter or other paper. 5. To go in. 6. Atmosphere. 7. In marble.

CHARLES B. D.

1. 1. A LETTER. 2. An article. 3. Hurried. 4. An East Indian plant. 5. To filter. 6. Provoking. 7. Moving swiftly. 8. Trampling. 9. Impeding.

II. 1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. To clear of seeds by a machine. 4. Accumulation. 5. Texture. 6. Classing. 7. Boasting. 8. Traveling on foot. 9. A kind of grouse which chiefly inhabit the northern countries of Europe, Asia, and America. "XELIS."



NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.

. . . .

 I 3

 4 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small animal. 2. A musical instrument. 3. To praise highly. 4. A swift animal. 5. In hour-glass. 6. A verb. 7. Goes before. 8. Joyful. 9. Timid. Central letters, a signature; from 1 to 2, margins; from 3 to 4, lawful.

H. W. E.

PL

I HEAV scodle ym skobo dan hindend ym teals
 Dan thornw ym clathes oscar het tage.
 Ym lochos si tou rof a sosane fo ster,
 Dan won rof eht closho-romo I vole eht steb.
 Ym clohos-moor slie no eth wadome wied,
 Wheer drune teh crevol eht seambuns hied,
 Rhewe eth glon siven glinc ot eth symso rabs,
 Nad teh sidisae winklet kile flanel ratss.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. TENDER to touch. 2. Spoken. 3. A kind of bird. 4. A feminine name.
 II. 1. An edible fish. 2. Surface. 3. To give a sitting to. 4. To surfeit.

FRANK BURGESS.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-one letters, and am a quotation from Emerson's works.

My 38-71-54 is a pronoun. My 30-16 is a conjunction. My 21-33-6 is to hasten. My 87-63-45-19 is a covering for the human foot. My 73-27-25-58 is to flutter. My 81-48-90-13 is an oilstone. My 10-66-3-61-50 is the central part of an amphitheater. My 69-78-75-83-47 is to annoy. My 17-41-60-43-1 is aside. My 23-14-68-56-29 is acting without deliberation. My

77-42-34-85-8-26 is an artificial barrier over which men or horses leap in a race. My 5-84-36-12 is a homeless child. My 40-49-64-52-67 is the skeleton of a structure. My 32-89-28-72-11 is pertaining to fishes. My 53-86-70-55 is most excellent. My 80-37-51-62-74-4 is a smith's shop. My 46-88-79-31-18 is to restrict to a scant allowance. My 44-7-82-91 is to exercise for the sake of amusement. My 20-15-39-76-2 is much exasperated. My 35-24-9-59-22-65-57 is an extinct hairy elephant of enormous size.

L. W.

A BRITISH JACK.

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 3 . . . 5 . . . 8

FROM 1 to 6, a covering for a carpet; from 2 to 7, a glove; from 3 to 8, rovers; from 1 to 3, a trifle; from 4 to 5, making a harsh sound; from 6 to 8, fresh-water tortoises; from 1 to 8, little songs; from 6 to 3, an idle talker.

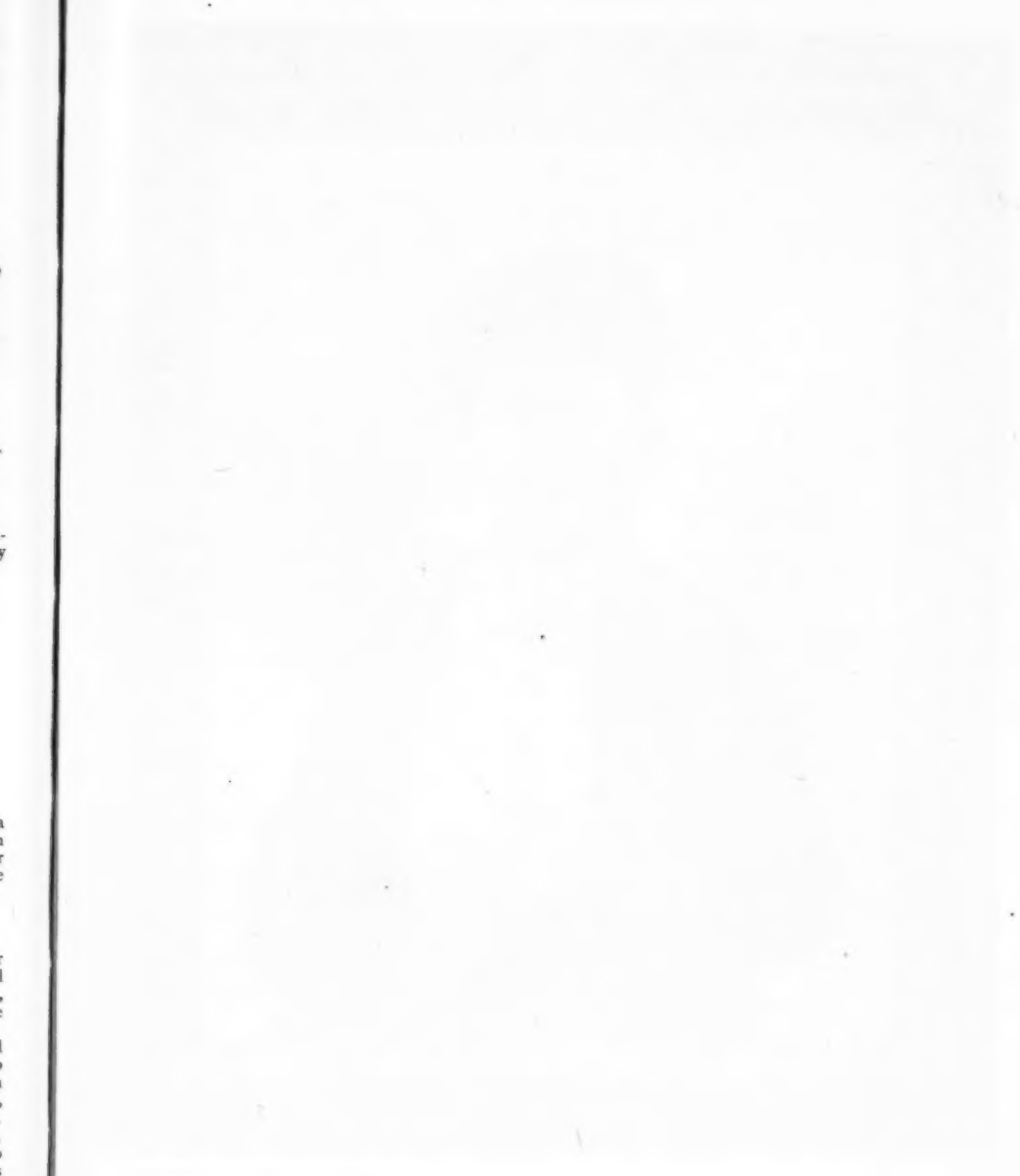
"BEN BOLT."

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a name given to Democritus of Abdera.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The son of Odin. 2. A dull sound without resonance. 3. The company of seamen who man a ship. 4. That which feeds fire. 5. A sudden grasp. 6. Prodigious. 7. To swallow eagerly. 8. Light, familiar talk. 9. To throw or give out. 10. A diagram. 11. A gesture by which a thought is expressed. 12. On. 13. The handle of a sword or dagger. 14. Placid. 15. To drive tarred oakum into the seams between the planks of a ship, to prevent leaking. 16. The name of the ship which carried Jason to Colchis. 17. A barrel-shaped vessel made to hold liquids. 18. One without judgment. 19. What little Jack Horner picked out of the Christmas pie. 20. An old and intimate friend. 21. Extended. 22. A large animal.

L. W.





EDISON AS A BOY.

(SEE PAGE 761.)

V



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